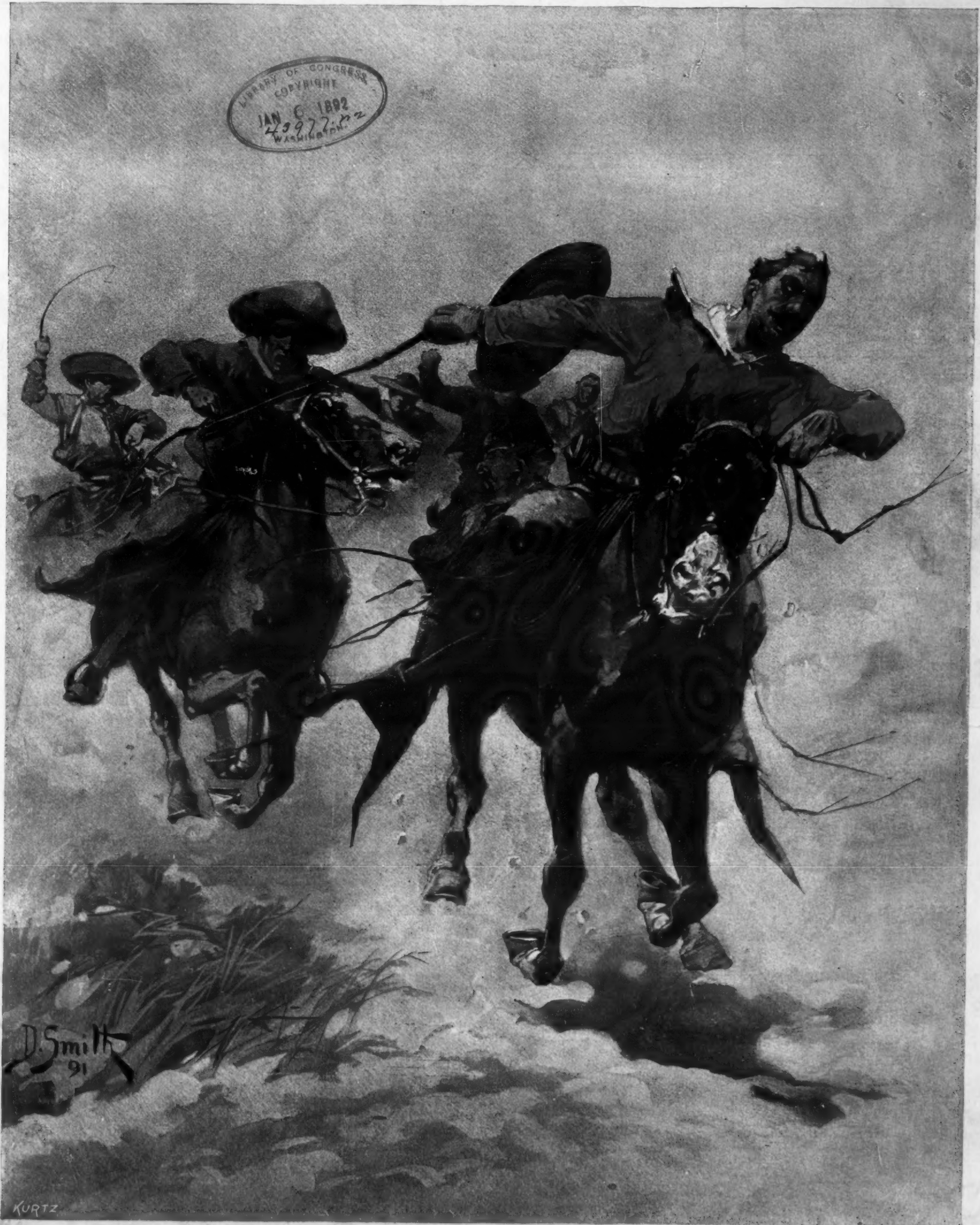


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

No. 1895.—Vol. LXXV.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 9, 1892.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
16 WEEKS, \$1.00]



THE RACE ON THE PLAINS.—DRAWN BY DAN SMITH.

IMPERIAL GRANUM
THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD
FOR INVALIDS, CONVALESCENTS, AND THE AGED, FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS, AND CHILDREN

IMPERIAL GRANUM.—In these days there are so many "compounds," "foods," and other preparations before the public—many that are positively harmful—it is a duty, when the merits of a standard article are known, to say so publicly and clearly. The IMPERIAL GRANUM—a medicinal food, not a drug—has stood a test of thirty years; and it stands to-day the best and most nutritive article of its kind ever made. It does not make extravagant claims as being a cure for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," but rests on its record as a pure and honest food, digested by the weakest stomach, palatable and nutritious. The writer indorses it heartily, and cordially advises every one of the paper's subscribers like himself never to be without it in the family. In his own experience it was the most efficacious and valuable remedy ever used, and during convalescence in two severe cases, one of diphtheria and the other of typhoid fever, it was for weeks the only food taken, and the only thing possibly retained on the stomach. It is as efficacious for adults as for children, is simply prepared, and the cost is merely nominal.—*The Home Magazine*, Washington, D. C., August, 1891.

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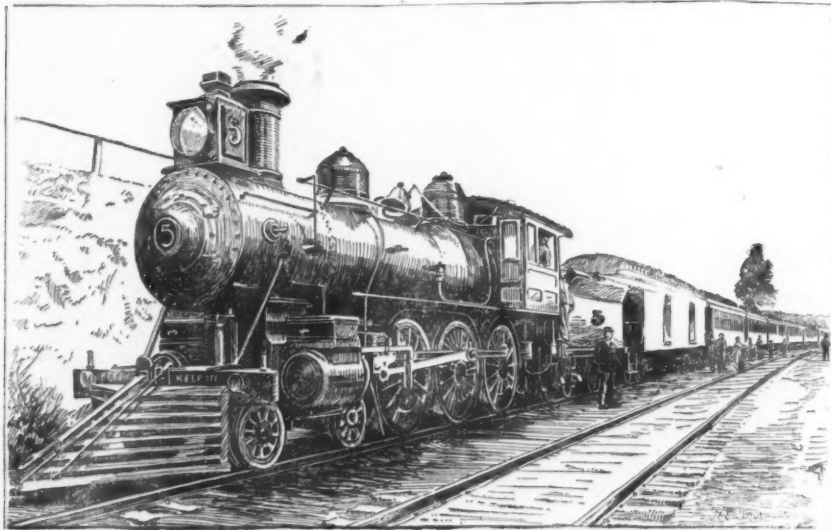
Avoid substitutes. None genuine
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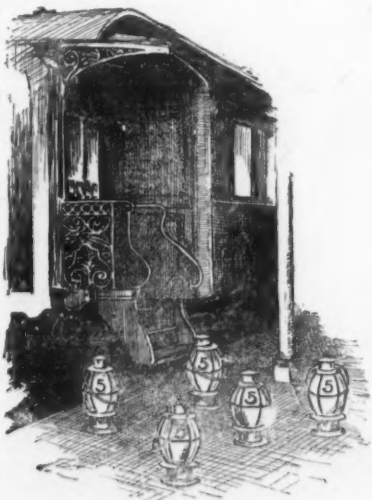
"ONE WHOLE DAY SAVED."



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Sweet heather-bells and Robert Burns,
The moorland flower and peasant,
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant!
..Whittier..

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HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON
QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Cosmopolis, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on noses may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERSEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement. Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

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THE COLORED NUMBER OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

TWELVE MONTHLY NUMBERS, ONE DOLLAR.

January 9, 1892.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

WE will publish in the next issue of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY a contributed article from Hon. Charles T. Saxton, on the question, "How Should Questions Relating to Election Contests be Determined?"

THEY ARE FRIENDS AGAIN.

IN connection with the remarks on base-ball elsewhere made, it may be happily chronicled that Harvard and Princeton are now able to again cross bats and decide which club is to play second to Yale; so for a time the idea of a dual league between Harvard and Yale is abandoned. The three old rivals will meet again in the spring-time, each full of courage and hope, and every college man is made correspondingly happy. Harvard has rescinded its rule by which it was prohibited from playing outside of New England, and from this we may expect a broader and fairer-minded policy in regard to athletics generally. In striking contrast to the course pursued by the other universities is that which has been adopted by Yale. At times protesting for its rights, and taking up the cause of another university, as, for instance, when it refused to play Harvard at base-ball unless Harvard also played Princeton, it has recently met both on the field of foot-ball and taught them the lesson that success in athletics is not inconsistent with moral courage.

PROTECTION FOR OCEAN PASSENGERS.

IT is to be hoped that the bill recently introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Chandler, looking to the regulation of the carriage of passengers at sea, may speedily become a law. It will provide that in the future it shall be unlawful for any steamship company to bring passengers from any foreign country unless suitable accommodations for their comfort have been provided. The bill fixes the amount of space which must be allotted to each passenger, and embodies other provisions which are calculated to promote the comfort of those unfortunate beings who are obliged to use the steerage in crossing the ocean. It is said the proposed measure is the result of the statements made by one of the Government commissioners recently sent abroad to obtain statistics with regard to immigration, and who returned in the steerage of a first-class ocean steamer disguised as an immigrant. The steamship companies will possibly oppose the suggested legislation, but we trust that Congress will show itself to be independent of their dictation and legislate on the subject in the real interests of the country.

THE TWELVE-CLUB LEAGUE.

THE month just closed will be memorable, not because the ordinary layman sees in it the signs of the approaching Millennium so frequently mentioned by Professor Totten in the columns of this paper, but because of the fact that the League and Association have decided to become friends and attempt to establish base-ball on a stronger footing for the coming year than it has known during the last ten years. On paper this looks very nice, but those who have watched the birth and rapid rise of the great American national game must feel a regret that its development has not always been on the best lines. Another year we may expect Sunday games to be played, where the sympathies of the community are in favor of it, temporarily at least, while they will not be attempted where there is a decided feeling against it. How these interests, which are diametrically opposed, can be made to harmonize, it is difficult to foretell; but every national game must be based on some good principle, and one which violates the Sabbath cannot expect that general and generous support which the American people are always willing to give to a legitimate amusement.

THE LATE SENATOR PLUMB.

THE late Senator Plumb of Kansas was one of the most industrious men in Congress, and it is probably due to the fact that he worked incessantly that his career was cut off while he was yet in the prime of life. He was never idle. As illustrating his capacity for work, it is said that while he was reading one letter he could dictate another, and that even while making a speech in the Senate he would read through a file of letters without any interruption in his flow of talk. Of course there could be but one result of such intense mental and physical activity—premature exhaustion of the vital forces, and death.

Mr. Plumb was in some respects one of the best informed and useful men in the Senate. It is said that he was a subscriber to every important newspaper in Kansas, and that it was his habit to read them carefully. He thus kept in touch with the sentiment of his State, and was able at all times to represent it intelligently and acceptably as to questions of serious importance. In this particular he set an example which some of his colleagues might copy with profit. It is the fault of the average Congressman that he too soon forgets the constituency behind him, and as a consequence fails properly to represent their opinions as to questions of both national and local concern.

THE TEXAS ALIEN LAND LAW.

THE decision of the Supreme Court of Texas against the constitutionality of the alien land law has saved the Governor the necessity of calling a special session of the Legislature to secure the repeal of this famous piece of demagogism. It will be remembered that this law provided, among other things, that "no alien or person who is not a citizen of the United States shall acquire title to or own any interest in the lands within the State of Texas." The authors of the measure contended in justification

of the measure that foreign capitalists and syndicates were buying up large tracts of land in Texas, and that they were thus introducing in this country that system of absentee landlordism that had wrought so much harm in Ireland. This, they urged, ought to be prevented, and on the 13th of last April the Legislature passed the law in question.

Whether this motive, paraded so ostentatiously before the public, was the true one or not, the effect of the legislation was quite different from the one that many people anticipated. For some years Texans have been very anxious to develop the vast agricultural resources of the State. They have done all they could to induce foreign capital to seek investment in local enterprises or as loans to local investors. Foreign capitalists have responded very largely to these inducements. Besides an immense development in the resources of the State there has been a marked decrease in the high rate of interest that the local money-lenders had exacted for their loans. Although their agency was not at first suspected, it is now believed that they were chiefly instrumental in securing the passage of the alien land law. They wished to get a monopoly of the money-lending market. They wished to bring about, by an expulsion of their foreign competitors, a return of the high rate of interest that had made their business so immensely profitable.

If this was their object they were not disappointed. Money became scarce, the rate of interest went up, and business became stagnant. In face of the alien land law foreigners were not merely unable to buy land and improve it; they could not, as business men, loan money without proper security. In Texas such security is confined very largely to land, which can be easily reached and sold in case of non-payment of the debt. But as the alien land law prevented discreet foreign capitalists from accepting this form of security, the Texans, who saw and felt the evil effects of the legislation, began to agitate for its repeal. They urged the Governor to call a special session of the Legislature for the purpose. But, as already said, he has been spared this necessity by a decision of the Supreme Court in a suit brought in Dallas County by the Texas Land and Mortgage Company, a foreign corporation authorized to do business in the State, to collect \$550 on a note secured by a trust deed on land. The decision is a technical one, but it rids the State of an obnoxious law. It gives widespread satisfaction, and the belief is general that it will effect a return of prosperity.

FOR THE GOOD NAME OF THE TURF.

WINTER racing is a term which has come recently to have a special and an altogether disreputable significance. The all-the-year-around tracks, of which the notorious establishment at Guttenburg is the most conspicuous example, are mere devices to turn to the profit of gamblers and black-legs the immense interest which the American public takes in the contests of the turf. At the great races in the spring, summer, and autumn, under the auspices of the reputable associations and jockey clubs, pool-selling is incidental to a noble sport. The winter places reverse the relations. The horses run in order that pools may be sold, and for no other reason. The animals are kept in motion around the course throughout the months of December, January, and February as a pretext for gambling and an opportunity for gamblers' knavery, precisely as the balls are spun in roulette, or the little tin horses are whisked around the board in the game played at the French watering-places. The racer is the utensil of the book-maker, and that is all. In this entirely mercenary and often scandalously dishonest degradation of the race horse, his performances no more belong to legitimate sport than faro-fiauciering belongs to the national banking system.

It is necessary to understand the marked distinction between horse-racing as carried on in winter at Guttenburg and similar places and the legitimate racing, in order to appreciate the importance of the energetic measures just taken by the Board of Control. That body is a sort of federal legislature and court of appeals combined for the four principal racing associations of the metropolis, the Coney Island Jockey Club, the New York Jockey Club, the Brooklyn Jockey Club, and the Monmouth Park Association. In the most effective way possible the Board of Control has attacked the public nuisance, the disgrace to sport, and the moral evil which State Legislatures and municipal police forces have alike struggled in vain to suppress. It declares that after New Year's day every horse participating, and every jockey riding in any winter race on any course north of Maryland and east of Ohio shall be disqualified for entry at the meetings under its own control. The resolution goes further and puts under the ban every track where there is racing on more than thirty days in the year. This means simply that owners who have shown themselves to be more avaricious than scrupulous will hereafter have to choose between the great circuits and great prizes of the year and the smaller returns from Guttenburg and elsewhere with which they have eked out in winter the incomes of their stables. They can no longer lend themselves and their horses to the purposes of the perpetual gambling machines, and at the same time maintain their status upon courses which offer infinitely more, both to honorable ambition and to pecuniary interest. The result is obvious. The now racing law will take away from the winter tracks, and the tracks where there is continuous racing for the sake of the pool-sellers, most of the horses whose names attract to these establishments the attendance on which their undesirable prosperity depends.

We commend heartily the action of the Board of Control. In common with all sincere lovers of one of the noblest and most useful of sports, who wish to see the good name of the American

turf redeemed from the discredit which shyster turfmen and their pool-room partners have managed to attach to it, we hope that the rule for 1892 will be steadfastly maintained and rigidly enforced. The board cannot recede from its position without dishonor. In their personal affairs Messrs. Withers, Cassatt, Lawrence, and Lorillard have always manifested force and determination of character. Let them show these qualities now in resisting every pressure which the gambling fraternity may bring against them.

Public sentiment owes the strongest sort of support to the gentlemen who have taken this important step. If the long line of distinguished patrons of the turf whose enlightened judgment and dignified interest during three-quarters of a century past have brought the American thoroughbred and the American trotting horse to the present marvelous development could raise their voices now, we are quite sure it would be to call the Board of Control glorious.

TWO BREACHES OF TRUST.

D. R. WEBSTER'S dictionary contains between *aam* and *zythum* some very ugly adjectives of turpitude. Not many of these unpleasant words are too harsh to apply to the conduct of the president of a great corporation who deliberately betrays his trust. He is the trustee and manager of the interests of hundreds or thousands of stockholders, numbers of whom have staked their means of livelihood on his reputation as an honest man. The higher the stock ranks for purposes of investment, the greater the moral responsibility of his position, and the more shameful his downfall, if down he goes through greed in his own behalf and dishonest misuse of the opportunities of delegated power. These are commonplaces of business morality; nevertheless they cannot be repeated too often or too emphatically.

The accidental disclosure of Mr. John Hoey's malfeasance in office, to use the mildest of several possible phrases descriptive of his now notorious transactions, startled many people besides those directly interested in the Adams Express Company. We say accidental, because the revelation of Hoey's guilt came through his own testimony in a lawsuit brought against him last spring by a confederate whom he had attempted to defraud, just as he had previously defrauded the express company. Hoey's admission of the main facts in his own case was almost unparalleled in its stolid indifference to the ignominy involved. He had personally bought in 1882 for \$73,000 an interest in certain express companies in New England, which he sold in turn to his own company for \$350,000; and again in 1888 stock acquired by himself and others for \$80,000 was disposed of by him to the corporation of which he was the president and manager for \$500,000. There were various other and entirely distinct charges of breach of trust and embezzlement by Mr. John Hoey; and when he was summarily removed from office it had been made clearly apparent to those for whom he had acted as trustee, that his peculations amounted to more than \$700,000.

The first attitude of the people whom Hoey had defrauded, towards him as their defrauder and faithless trustee, was the natural one. Plain English was employed by his late associates in the express business to describe his misdeeds. They did not confine the expression of their just indignation to words. The men who ousted Hoey from office on October 12th began, four days later, a suit to recover, by civil process, the \$712,950 which they charged him with embezzling. His property was attached wherever it could be found. Not only was the machinery of the civil law set vigorously in motion to force from the faithless trustee a restitution of what he had misappropriated, but a criminal prosecution was threatened. Meanwhile it was a matter of congratulation to the stockholders who had suffered through their implicit confidence in Mr. Hoey's integrity that he had not emptied the company's treasury altogether, that he was safely out of the office which he had disgraced, that the management of the company's affairs was at last in honest hands, and that the new administration was energetically engaged in bringing the culprit to justice.

Note now the second phase of this remarkable case. It is no less shocking than the first to the moral sense of the community, and it involves a breach of trust quite as flagrant.

The Hoey case has been settled, not in any court of justice, but among the half-dozen or more eminent lawyers called in by this interest or that to take a hand in the compounding. The accused has pleaded guilty, not before the bar of justice, but by the act of restitution. The terms of settlement are the secret of those immediately concerned. No publicity. No word said that might be unpleasant to the sensibilities of Mr. John Hoey or of his friends. No vulgar recourse to the law of the State, except so far as necessary to afford a lever to force a compromise. All arranged amicably, decently, privately, and as befits reasonable men of business abhorring needless scandal. Listen to the cheerful view of the result, as expressed by the eminent counsel for Mr. Henry Sanford, Hoey's original prosecutor within the corporation—the man who ousted him, his successor as president of the company, and the present representative of the interests which Hoey betrayed: "There has been a complete and honorable settlement, satisfactory to all parties. Everything has been explained and every one is satisfied. The suit against Mr. Hoey will be discontinued, the attachments raised, and the *lis pendens* discontinued. Further than this I can make no statement."

Complete and honorable, satisfactory to all parties, everything fully explained! Plunder disgorged, what business has an inquisitive public to inquire further?

THE CLOCK THAT STRIKES THE YEARS

By A.T. Worden

High up in the dome of the Universe
Somewhere in the realms of space
There stands a clock and its hands traverse
A world-wide and gleaming face.
Its motion it draws from gravity's laws.
Its wheels are the whirling spheres
Its maker is known as the Great First Cause.
And it stands and strikes the years.

Unlike the puny devices of men
It never runs fast or slow.
Its pendulum swings forever as when
It first journeyed to and fro.
Through the centuries borne on wheels un worn
No plaint the Universe hears.
Though the ages die and nations are born
It stands and it strikes the years.

Ah, this rare old clock of the Universe.
Though we cannot read its face.
'Tis a joy to know o'er our fates diverse
It stands and ticks in its place.
O'er our moans and cries that forever rise.
O'er the drip of falling tears,
There's a hand that points through the trackless skies
And a clock that strikes the years.

Where the bondman bends 'neath his weary load.
Where stagger the serf and slave.
Where the blood flows down neath the cruel goad
And weary ones seek the grave.
There echoes a sound the glad world around
Which, startled, the bondman hears.
And the clanking chain smites the tear-cursed ground
While the clock is striking the years.

In the murky aisles of poisonous swamps,
Where ignorance droops forlorn.
The higher race pitches its snowy camps
And a better hope is born.
Lo, the time is ripe for a higher type.
For pruning hooks change the spears.
Give the friendly hand for the cruel stripe
As the clock tolls out the years.

O weary and worn by toil overborne
Hopeless and sad in your cells,
Believe me for all there will dawn a morn
Where a song of gladness swells.
And the slow-slow hand never comes to a stand.
No cloud on the face appears;
Its tone through the ages is growing grand
As it stands and strikes the years.





BABY RUTH TAKES AN AIRING.



THE CLEVELAND COTTAGE.



A STREET IN LAKEWOOD.

THE CLEVELANDS AT LAKEWOOD.—PHOTOS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 406.]

A CUP OF TEA.

CUP of deliciousness—thou Irish tay!
 What elfin "spirits" lurked within thy dregs!
 What witches spell—what impish bogie's glee—
 What shades of long dead Teddies, Pats, and Megs!
 Thou limpid, amber innocence incog!
 Thou sweetened "fragrant beverage that cheers"! Beneath those amber gleams were Irish bogs,
 And braes and fens and ghoulis midnight fears.
 I see thee sparkling in thy egg-shell shores,
 Stirred by the silver paddle of a spoon;
 I hear thee gurgle low on sugar reefs,
 Lit by a lemon crescent of a moon.
 Alas! what shoals below that egg-shell rim!
 What undertow tugged at the silver oar!
 What sirens couched among the sugar reefs,
 Luring the mariner to treach'rous shore!
 Thou golden fraud! I henceforth thee eschew!
 I'll sip no gilded-o'er insomnia!
 I'll bay no more the rayless midnight moon,
 Hitching my chariot to the pale pole-star!
 I'll turn me to thy name's traducer—tea!
 That baseless fabric of an over-steep.
 I'll quaff the substance with the spirit flown,
 I'll know the difference, but, at least, I'll sleep.

BELLE HUNT.

A TRIO IN A FLAT.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.



THE greatest happiness of my life came to me through an advertisement.

You think the business manager "stood in" with me to get me to say that; but he didn't, at all. It was this way. My father died when I was four years old; and my mother, a woman of great good sense and energy, maintained herself and me in comfort, and even considerable luxury, by keeping a girls' school. There was only mother, my brother Donald and me in the little household after father's death; and Donald, being fifteen years my senior, was then nineteen. Mother died six years after father, leaving me, a girl of ten, and Donald, a man of twenty-five, entirely alone, so far as relatives in this country are concerned;—you will judge from our name, McGregor, that we are Scotch.

Donald wouldn't put me in a boarding-school, as most of our friends advised him. We were such a tiny remnant of a family there wasn't enough to divide; so we boarded and I went to school for two very uncomfortable years. Then Donald concluded to set up an office for himself—he's an architect, and a very distinguished one, now, too—and we took a flat in an up-town street; took the top floor, where there was a charming view of the Hudson, and one large room with a skylight, that made a handsome office. This was home at last.

Brought up as I was, I should have been a shiftless, out-at-elbows child; but in despite of the usual rule in such matters, the housewife woke within me at the possession of something to keep and tend, and I soon developed into a notable home-maker.

I loved, on Saturdays and after school, to mess and cook in our little kitchen, though we usually had our meals sent up from the restaurant on the first floor. I tried my hand at fashioning my own dresses and hats, and took the decorating and house-furnishing mania, then prevalent, in an extremely violent form. This last was mercifully tempered by Donald's educated taste, so that our rooms were made simply charming, and did not present an appearance half way between a museum of antiques and a fancy-work bazaar, as might have been the case had I been allowed to work my will on them alone.

When I was fourteen Donald took me into council—he always did, though he was so grave and quiet, and so much older—and told me he thought he must have an assistant in the office. My offer to serve in that capacity met with immediate refusal "till after I should be through school, anyhow," and we had two or three boys, all of whom turned out poorly.

"Helen," said Donald, in the face of these failures, "I've a mind to advertise."

"Do nice people ever answer advertisements?" said I, dubiously.

"We don't need to take any of them if they don't suit," replied Donald; and advertise he did.

It seemed to us that every "young man about nineteen years of age, with some knowledge of drawing," in New York was desirous of "going into the office of an architect, to make himself useful, attend to general matters, do plain drafting, and fit himself for the profession."

Donald was out when the boy he finally selected came. I was keeping office. I told him to wait, and that Donald would be in directly; and then sat demurely at my table pretending to write, and taking notes of the new arrival through my eyelashes.

For some reason, perhaps because I had passed all my life with older people, he seemed very young to me; though he must have been nineteen or more and I was barely fourteen. He was tall and slim, a boy who had grown up suddenly, with a turned-up nose, some freckles, and a trace of the urchin surviving in his expression. This latter was not so apparent, however, as I glanced at him, for he was looking somewhat anxiously about him as he turned his little soft hat around in his hands.

When Donald came in I saw it was all right. I had been dreading that he wouldn't suit, and I hate to see any one refused or sent away; not so much because I am particularly kind-hearted as from a selfish shrinking from witnessing pain or distress.

The boy's name was Melville Sterrett; he was an intelligent young fellow and well educated, and it was wonderful how soon

and how completely he became one of us. He was almost as much alone in the world as ourselves; and, sometime in the first six months, he rented a room of the lady on the floor below us, and we became quite one family.

Donald is quiet—between ourselves, the driest old stick of a handsome bachelor you ever saw. I, myself, take my high spirits by fits and starts; but Mel, as we soon came to call him, like a child in the house, is a well-spring of joy. I never heard any creature (except a mocking-bird) whistle as he can; and his good-humor is perpetual, effervescent, and irresistible.

Donald is a big, handsome, distinguished-looking man, with an indifferent air—which is not an air merely—whose clothes always fit him, and who is always in the style without seeming to care to be. I'm immensely proud of him. If you met him on the street you'd take him for no less than the president of half a dozen banks and a railroad or two. And Donald doesn't like people much generally—he regards them with a kind of gentle toleration; they all talk too much and are too "unanimous" for him. But Mel suited and pleased him from the first; partly, I think, because no human creature could fail to fall under the spell of his perfect good humor and sweetness of nature, and largely—to quote Donald himself—because the boy was "such a young tiger to work, and so ambitious."

Mel and I were as constantly together in those days as the fact that I was in school and he working hard and ambitiously at his profession would admit. We read the same books, when we had time for reading; we went together to the theatre and opera; we thought enough alike to care for the same things, and differed sufficiently to make an interchange of opinion interesting.

And Mel was always the best of good companions. He was ugly, there was no mistake about that; but in such a delightful way that it was much more charming than being handsome. He appreciated to the full the style of the costumes I was so fond of constructing for myself, and frequently told me, with a patronizing air, that I was really growing such a fine young woman he was "proud to take me around. I had a particularly gorgeous house dress which he called my "Queen of Sheba gown"; and Donald's "purple and fine linen" were a source of continual diversion to him. It was about this time that he named our little family "a trio in a flat"—and a most harmonious trio it was.

When I graduated at the high school I announced my choice of a profession. I had decided to be an architect. Donald rather laughed at it, but Mel, to my delight, said, "Why not? It's a nice profession for a woman. Maybe Helen will get the designing of the annex to the Capitol, which we need so badly at Washington, and support us both in our old age."

"No," I said, "Mel, that's sweet of you, but I'll let you and Donald design the public buildings. I'm going to devote myself to reforming domestic architecture. A woman, and a good housekeeper like me, ought certainly to know more about planning a house, a home, for folks to live in and some woman to keep, than a man."

"How is a girl like you to superintend a building and see that her plans are properly carried out?" said Don.

"Well, I can have a partner, can't I?"

"You can," said Mel, with emphasis; "and I'm the man. You're such a good girl to work, Helen; and being a female, you won't expect a full share of the profits. Donald's getting fat and elderly, and wants now to poke off all the hard work on me, and I'm looking for just such a fellow as you'd be to pass it on to."

"I don't see"—here I appealed to Donald—"why you shove me out this way. If I can make myself about twice as good a designer and draftsman as you are—and I ought easily to do that—why don't you want me?"

Donald laughed his patronizing laugh, but I had my way.

About this time Donald began drawing the plans for a handsome villa on the Hudson for a very wealthy lady by the name of Van Valkenburg. Mel told me a great deal about her, and, indeed, although my "prentice hand" was not allowed to touch the work, I was allowed to make suggestions about the more simple domestic arrangements of the plan. I found myself rather at sea, however, on a house intended for a housekeeper, butler, and a half-dozen house servants.

"She was as poor as anybody and taught school a year and a half ago," said Mel, "when her old uncle, who owned a big brewery and lots of other stuff, died. The old gentleman was Dutch, as you may have gathered from his melodious name, and he didn't believe in display—never displayed anything but a keen eye to the main chance himself. He didn't give his niece much but a hundred-dollar bill every Christmas for a Christmas present, and as she couldn't live on that, and didn't fancy living with him, she taught and supported herself. Now she's so rich that it makes her tired—at least she mostly looks so."

One day as I sat busily at work Mel came in and put down a bag of apples on the drafting-table. I took one and ate it while I went on with my drawing, in which I was much absorbed.

"That's awfully nice of you, Mel; I do love sour apples," I said as I worked away.

"Were they sour?" said Mel. Then, as I looked up astonished, "I didn't know; I didn't have any standard of comparison."

Seeing he was in one of his ridiculous moods I went on with my work. A moment after I looked up to find Mel's face very close to mine and his wicked eyes looking at me with the oddest expression. Before I realized what was coming he bent further forward and kissed me lightly; then, with an expression as near embarrassment as I had ever seen on his impudent countenance, "Those apples were sour."

The whole performance was so absurd that I laughed, but not so freely nor unconcernedly as I could have wished—in fact, I found myself blushing very red indeed, and was relieved when Donald came in.

This incident, trifling in itself, haunted me. Mel and I had been on a brotherly and sisterly footing of perfect freedom for so long, I wished he hadn't disturbed it by such foolishness. I brooded and worried over it till I found myself wishing that if he must kiss me at all he had done so in seriousness, and not in a miserable burlesque.

When I got to this point I gave up trying to delude myself any longer. Helen McGregor, I said, you're in love with that boy—with a person who regards you as a female relation. And

the more I thought about it the more unbearable the humiliation became.

Mel was the same gay, affectionate good comrade, evidently fond of me, and no more; while I, day by day, found more and more how natural and every-day a thing it had become to me to love him. I found myself waiting for his coming, depressed if he was away, watching his face to see what his mood was, and wondering always how this or that thing I thought of doing would strike him.

All this had probably been, unconsciously, more or less so before; but now my self-consciousness and self-love were all alert, and every such indication struck me a fresh blow, and abased me further in my own eyes. Oh! youth, youth, that can extract such boundless happiness or such infinite misery from the simplest materials! I bore this strange new state of affairs as best I could for a short time, till it seemed to me that I was beginning to treat Mel in a constrained and different way. I even thought that I saw a difference in his manner toward me. If I had had a mother, or a girl friend even, I might have managed matters differently; but as it was, when things came to this pass I resolved on a bold stroke.

One day, when we were sitting together over the drafting-table again, and I felt my cheeks beginning to get hot with remembrance, I opened my campaign with: "Mel, you ought to be thinking about getting married, or you'll grow up an old bachelor, and they are terrible—all but Donald."

"Do you think so, Helen?" said he, in a somewhat hurt tone, regarding me with evident surprise. "Don't you think it would break in on our trio?"

I felt, with a sinking heart, that my bold stroke was in a fair way to be a failure; but I floundered desperately on. "No, I don't," said I. "She'd be nice, and it would fill out our number: Donald and I, and you and she."

Silence again; and Mel regarding me with a grave quiet, unusual with him.

Finally: "Well, Helen, since you're bound to hurry my youth and innocence to the matrimonial mart, maybe you'd kindly suggest a lady worthy of the honor." My patience gave way. Here I had done the thing I had been planning in secret for weeks as my one salvation, and seemed merely to have succeeded in making an awful fool of myself, and Mel was taking the whole matter as a joke.

"You know I don't know many girls, Mel—and I dare say nobody would have you, anyhow," I said, crossly; "but I'd try for a girl with some money, if I were you. It's just as easy, and it's horrid to be poor all your life." I had reached a measure of success with this abominable speech, for Mel didn't look "jokey" now.

"That's your advice, is it?" he said, almost contemptuously.

"Yes, it is," I reply, with an assumption of blunt simplicity.

"I think you'd be a gump to marry a girl without money, when you might as well try for one with some."

"I suppose, then, you think a girl without money would be a fool to marry me," said Mel, with angry deliberation, fixing me with his glittering eye.

"Oh, no," I answer with an unmoved front; "she might be in love with you, you know. I don't see why she shouldn't."

Mel worked in silence for about three minutes; then his good humor came back with a rush;—Mel's face would get tired if he didn't laugh for ten minutes at a stretch.

"Help me to plan," he said, leaning forward across the table.

"Since my beauty and fascinations are to be disposed of to the highest bidder, who shall she be?"—laying down his pencils and turning to me with an absurdly languishing air, which sat most comically on his ugly, good-humored face.

"Try Miss Van Valkenburg," I answer, shortly; "she's got plenty of money, and she's old enough to be flattered by the preference of a younger man."

Mel looked at me a little oddly. "Do you really suppose so?—She's an awfully nice girl, if you only knew it, Helen." Then, after he had gathered up his things and prepared to go: "I'm taking these sketches of interiors up there now, and I mean to view her with the eye of a future proprietor,"—and in a more serious tone: "Really, I don't suppose she would have me; but as you say, it's worth trying for;" and with these dreadful words he departed and left me to the enjoyment of my barren victory.

I had said it. I had vindicated myself. No man, certainly, would think a woman in love with him who deliberately gave him such advice. But look at the cost. I had advised Mel, my own dear Mel, to go and marry some other woman—for her money, at that—Mel, every expression of whose impudent face was dear to me; whose every virtue or talent was a source of pride and fondness, and whose little faults were all familiar and dear as belonging to him. And worse, oh, far worse than I could have imagined or dreamed, Mel had, in spite of his joking, rather taken up with the idea. He was now going to see "that Dutch woman" as I now called her,—he had actually said she was nice.

I appeared to myself in any but an enviable light. How much more womanly would it have been to fight for my happiness, to do my best to win, let the issue be what it might;—and the hot tears of humiliation deduced the elevation of a two-thousand-dollar detached cottage upon which I was working.

There followed on this day some of the most unhappy weeks, of my life. Older people may smile at that; but I am older now, myself, and I have never gotten to the point where I could make light of their remembrance.

Mel was continually at "the Dutch woman's," so, indeed was Donald; but the whereabouts of that seasoned bachelor troubled me little.

My cup of misery was filled and several drops sent trickling down the side, about this time, by meeting Miss Van Valkenburg, whom I had not so far seen. Donald insisted on my going up with him one day to see the frieze that was being painted in her dining-room. I found her not Dutch at all, nor even German, though her name and her uncle certainly were; but very handsome, in a severe way, and with the quiet air of one to the manner born. (How soon we women acquire it when we have the chance!)

I comforted myself by thinking that she looked all of her thirty years, which was true, and that she had a school-ma'amish

air, which was not. She evidently made a special effort to be nice to me—which was noticeable in a woman of her reserved manner—and seemed to be on the most intimate and friendly terms with Donald and Mel.

Soon after this she came to the office late one afternoon to discuss some point in the work. She had come in from Brooklyn, and by previous arrangement her carriage was to call for her at six. It failed to appear on time, and Donald came out and told me to go in and insist on Miss Van Valkenburg's staying for tea. I went with perfect willingness. Things couldn't be any worse than they were; and my heart was entirely broken, anyhow. She already had all I cared for—she had Mel; and she might just as well be made welcome beneath my roof-tree and eat my muffins and jelly. I was even rather glad of the chance of displaying to her what a notable housekeeper I was, and how daintily our little *ménage* was ordered. (We had been housekeeping since my graduation.)

I followed Mel out into the hall to say: "I've got everything prettily arranged now, all but the flowers, and Miss Van Valkenburg is in my room making herself neat for tea. Please stop and order them up for me, if you're going out." He looked at me with an expression that made my heart jump, and then spoiled it all by saying, with evident sincerity: "Isn't she a lovely woman, Helen?" Then, as he stepped into the elevator, "Are you going to change your dress?"

"Isn't this one all right?" I answer; but Mel had disappeared down the shaft, and I go back into my dining-room to add a few little extra touches and wait for my flowers, and to wonder bitterly whether Mel is so crazy about Miss Van Valkenburg that he thinks I ought to put on full toilette to take tea with her. When the flowers come up the matter is explained. Besides those for the table there is a bunch of long-stemmed La France buds, evidently for me, as they harmonize exactly with my gown of paler pink. I grow quite jubilant in a subdued way. Time was when it seemed a small matter to have Mel send me flowers, and all I cared for was the blossoms themselves. Now the gift is nothing; but the fact that he cared to notice the color of my dress and to buy me a posy to match it is everything; and I am amply content, till Miss Van Valkenburg comes from my room with her fair, clustering hair freshly arranged, her lace muffler crossed low on her bosom, and in its folds a bunch of roses that is the very twin of my own.

I think, dreadingly, that it was bad taste of him to get them just alike, but that, after all, it doesn't really matter, and my joy in my nosegay has entirely evaporated.

I am forced to admit, before Miss Van Valkenburg's carriage comes and the evening is over, that she is not only a very handsome, but, when she so chooses, a very charming woman as well.

As I watch her sitting, fair and gracious, opposite Mel at table, talking with him and with Donald on such themes as please them, seeming to be aware of their tastes and prejudices as fully as myself, who have grown up with them; and giving to the on-looker an impression of such delicate self-poise and tact, I wonder if being young—as young as I am, for instance—is, after all, such a very desirable thing; and whether any man for whom she cared could resist the sweet, flattering charm of her manner. I was aware that I seemed dull and quiet, but for the life of me I could not be otherwise, and Hamlet's words, "But you would not think how ill all's here about my heart; but 'tis no matter," kept chiming over in my mind till our guest was gone, and I could bid our little family good-night and be alone.

The next week Mel stayed at the hotel up near Miss Van Valkenburg's, superintending some final work on the villa; and I may as well say I cried most of the time. It was wretched weather, and rain always makes me low-spirited. Donald was his cheerful, phlegmatic self. Neither the weather nor anything else seems to make any change in him.

The Sunday Mel came back the blow fell.

We had eaten a rather glum dinner and Mel had taken himself at once into the office and shut the door. When I went to leave the dining-room Donald stopped me, with an air of slight embarrassment that sat strangely on him. "Helen," said he, "Miss Van Valkenburg has promised to be my wife. I hope you will be pleased."

I stared at him, and when I got my breath I must have said something that sounded like a protest; for he came over and put his arm about me with a caressing air quite unusual with him, and said he was sorry; it must seem to me that he had kept me on the outside in the matter; but, indeed, he'd given me the first definite information he had on the subject,—which was such an exposition of Donald's didactic, business-like way of stating things, that I laughed a little, and then gasped, "Mel!"

"Oh, yes," said Donald; "Mel's very much attached to her, and she to him; they got on nicely from the first. I'm sure you'll love her when you know her well."

The fatuity of a man in love! Well, as he didn't know, it was better not to tell him; so I turned with a vague notion of hunting up my poor, abused boy, who had, through my officious advice, been so hurt, and saying what I could to comfort him.

I opened the office door, and saw him sitting at the fatal drafting-table. His arms were thrown forward on it, and his rumpled, dark head rested on them. At sight of that bowed, boyish head all the flimsy sentiment, the self-consciousness and despair I had been cherishing for weeks, dropped away before my real affection and sympathy.

I hurried in and knelt down beside him to bring my head on a level with his. "Oh, Mel," I said, "I never thought it was so bad as this. I didn't know you really cared so much."

"Go away," came in a muffled voice, for reply.

This incivility, so like the old Mel and the dear old days, quite washed away my last reserve and left me feeling only that I had loved Mel very dearly, and he was suffering.

"Never mind, Mel," I said, "she isn't everybody in the world. We love you—I love you, anyhow;" laying my hand on his shoulder.

This brought the bowed head erect and Mel's face around toward me, to my surprise, looking more angry than hurt. "Yes, I believe you do—in a milk-and-oiler kind of way," said he, angrily. "Oh, Helen!" with a sudden break of voice and face—"why can't you love me as I love you?" Which was an

inadvertent quotation from a juvenile classic, if either of us stopped to think of it.

"I've loved you so much, ever since you were a little girl, and cared about things because they pleased you, and noticed your dresses and your little ways and expressions, till I hardly knew whether there was any other girl in the world; and now," with a change to withering scorn, "I believe you're going to offer to be a sister to me."

"I'm not," I said, decidedly.

Mel told me after that, that he had seen how things were going with Donald and Miss Van Valkenburg from the first. "I wasn't sure of it, though," he added, "till I saw him buying flowers for her the evening she took tea with us. I thought that nothing less than a 'natural convulsion o' natur', as Sam Weller says, could account for that."

"You knew all about it, and never told me," I say accusingly.

"Well, I did come very near it once or twice; but," with a return to his usual teasing manner, "you know you had other views in regard to the matter."

I turn rather red, and am silenced.

After a brief, happy pause Mel says, very softly—almost in a whisper, "Do you think you won't mind so much about being poor?"

"Oh, Mel," I answer, shamefacedly burrowing my face against his shoulder, "you couldn't have thought I meant all that horrid stuff."

"Why, yes, I did," he answered, soberly, "there's no reason you shouldn't. A bright, beautiful girl like you has a right to expect something better than a fellow like me, who hasn't anything to offer her but just himself and his love. If that last is any inducement, though, you'll never do better, sweetheart."

"I don't want you to have anything else," I answer, hotly. "It's all very nice for Donald and his Fraulein to be rich and live in stately style—seems to sort of become them both—but you and I are going to conquer our destiny hand in hand. I'm going to be such a help to you, Mel, and if you were rich already you wouldn't care for me to be, you know."

I would blush to repeat all the things Mel said about the help and inspiration I was going to be to him, and how much better fate I deserved, and all the extravagant views he seemed to hold regarding me and my deserts; but when he came to announce the matter to Donald, what he said was: "Well, I've promised Helen to be hers 'in the spring.' I don't think I can do better. I need a good energetic wife to take care of me, and as Helen announces herself a candidate for the position, my mind is at rest about my future."

OUR PAGE OF FOREIGN SUBJECTS.

ENGLISH ADVOCATES OF WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

AN important conference of the "Women's Franchise League" of England, which has been in existence for more than two years, was lately held in London. The aim of this league is to procure for all women, whether married or unmarried, the right to vote at all elections on the same conditions which qualify men, and also to establish for all women equal civil and political rights with men. The discussions were attended by nearly a hundred women, all of whom are known to entertain rather advanced views upon female progress, and a set of resolutions approving of the programme of the league were unanimously adopted. Mr. Stansfield, a member of Parliament, presided the first night, while several ladies divided the honors of the chair on the following nights. Our picture, from the London *Graphic*, on page 398 shows a meeting of the league, Mrs. Jacob Bright occupying the chair.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

A correspondent of the London *Illustrated News*, who has recently traveled across Siberia, Mongolia, and the Gobi desert, entering northern China by the Nankow Pass, gives an interesting account of the world-renowned "Great Wall of China." "I had fully prepared myself for something wonderful," says the correspondent, "but this marvelous work more than realized my expectations and fairly held me spellbound for a few minutes. One can form some idea of the punic the Celestials must have been in when they undertook such a gigantic barrier. What struck me most in this wall was its wonderful state of preservation, the symmetrically hewn stones of which it is composed showing but few signs of the ravages of time." The building of the gigantic wall is said to have been commenced by Emperor Che-Hwang-Te in the year 214, B. C., but it was not completed until several hundred years later. It extends to a length of more than 2,000 miles, is from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and has a thickness varying from twelve to seventeen feet. It is an earth-wall, lined with brick on both sides and provided with numerous turrets and battlements, as shown in our picture.

THE RIOTS AT ICHANG.

During the recent disturbances in the Celestial empire numerous outrages were committed against foreigners at Nanking, Wutu, and other places, but none of these raids were so sudden and so complete in their destructive results as the riot in the foreign concessions at Ichang on the upper Yangtse. Without the shadow of a warning a set of rowdies, under the control of well-dressed men, attacked the foreign houses in Ichang, drove out the inhabitants—who were fortunately able to take refuge in a river steamer provisionally in port—and in twenty minutes had reduced the settlement to ruins. Every attempt was made to kill, but a few bruises and wounds were the only result. It was not the fault of the rioters that the Sisters of the Orphanage escaped after being badly hustled and bruised black and blue. Our illustrations on page 398, taken from the London *Graphic*, show a European's house and the buildings of the Episcopal mission in ruins after the mob attack.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND HIS FIANCÉE.

One of the most stirring events in London society was the recent announcement of the engagement of Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, to his cousin, Princess Victoria Mary, only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the latter being a sister of the Duke of Cambridge, and a direct descendant of King George III. We reproduce the portraits of the royal couple from the London *News*, which expresses its approval of this "thoroughly English" match in the following refined and

diplomatic language: "It will not be deemed a circumstance disadvantageous to the public interest that the match now arranged is one which adds no further to the existing matrimonial links between the crown of Great Britain and those of German or other foreign monarchies of much political importance, however sincerely we may esteem, for their personal merits, the German princes and princesses who have contracted marriage ties with other members of our own royal family." Prince Albert Victor, who in the course of events will probably become King of England, being in direct line of succession, is at present twenty-eight years of age; his royal fiancée completed her twenty-fourth year on the twenty-sixth of last May.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

NOW that the rush and the whirl of the holiday season is over, come the days for cozy "at homes" and afternoon teas, and friends drop in for a chat and "the cup that cheers." The hostess is expected to be attired in some daintily picturesque gown, which in form and design suggests comfort and ease. One which fills these requirements is illustrated, and is made in a combination of turquoise-blue cashmere and black Chantilly lace, the latter simulating an under-dress which shows in glimpses in the opening down the side. Ribbon "wind-mill" bows apparently fasten the dress and catch up the fullness of the sleeves. Another gown, somewhat richer and more elaborate, and quite



"AT HOME" GOWN.

and this is trimmed with a corded ribbon band buckling in front with a paste buckle, while just at the side of the back are fixed two erect ostrich plumes. A bonnet especially unique is called the "Josephine," and consists of a simple band five inches in width resting on the hair and placed straight across the head. This is made of black satin tightly stretched and edged all round with narrow sable. In the centre, rather more toward the back than the front, are two upright bows of black satin ribbon, pierced through the knot with pins in exact imitation of violets with dew-drops in their centres. An effective and luxurious bonnet has a crown of ivory-tinted satin drawn through a paste buckle in the centre, and a brim formed of a sable fur with the head arranged in the front. The strings are of velvet matching the sable in color.

The long, gored skirts still hold their own with Fashion's votaries, and are becoming more and more luxurious in their demands. For, as we have heretofore been content with silk lining, now the modistes of the *élite* decree that as they hang infinitely better with linings of satin merveilleux, so must it be. These handsomely lined skirts necessarily demand an extra amount of attention to the petticoats, so as to display an elegance in keeping when the skirt is lifted. It brings forcibly to mind the old nursery jingle, which might be adapted something in this wise:

"This is the skirt that Worth built!

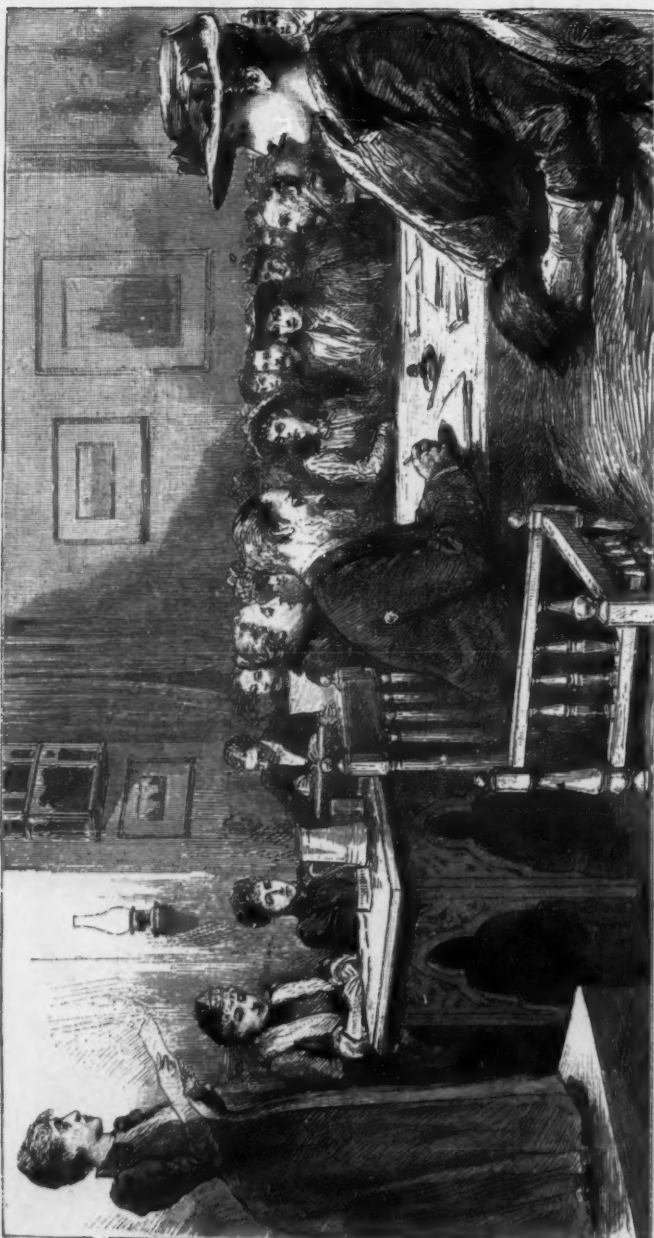
This is the petticoat, silken and flounced, to be worn with the skirt that Worth built.

This is the maid, etc., etc."

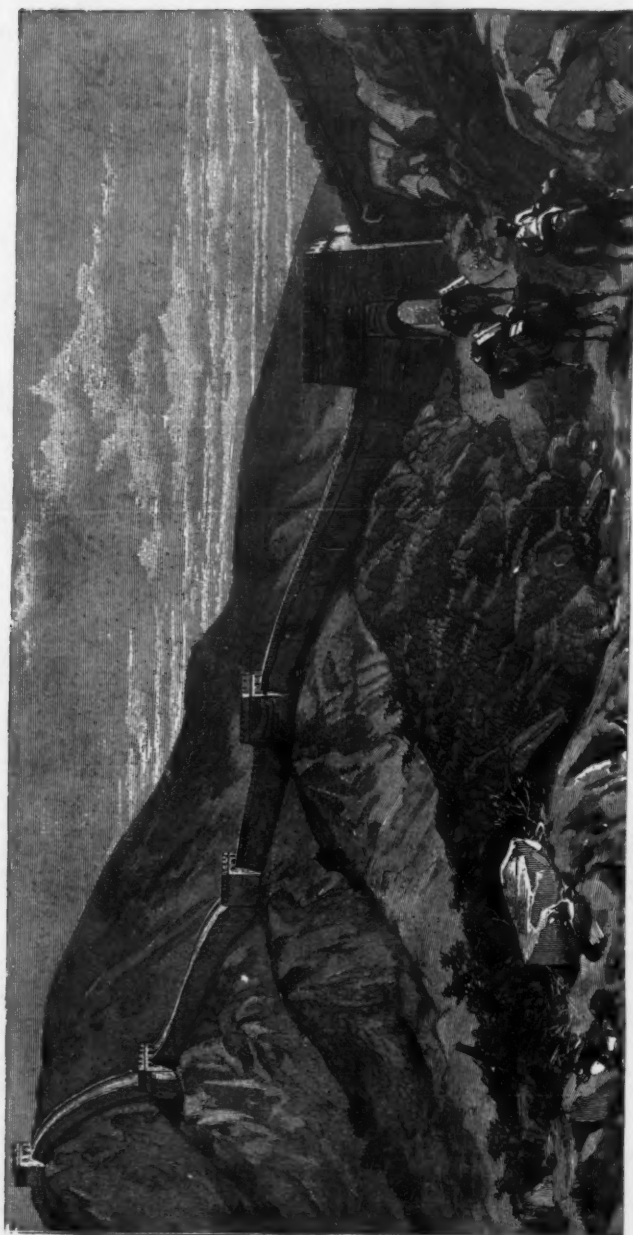
Brocaded satin is modestly chosen by those favored with a long purse, for their petticoats. These may be untrimmed, or have an inch-wide hem of velvet in color on the extreme edge. Moiré silk in plain shades makes a handsome petticoat, so do the shot silks, with pinked-out ruffles for trimming. For evening wear nothing is prettier than white India silk with flounces edged with gold braid, lace, or entire flounces of lace. All elaborate petticoats should have ruffles on the under side of the hem, either in a balayouse of lace or corresponding with the outside trimmings.

In the way of cloth costumes, russet-brown is perhaps as highly favored as any other shade, and a charming example is in "Exmoor" tweed, in a rich russet shade. It is made with a plainly-gored belt-skirt, bordered by a trimming of feathers from the pheasant's breast, which very prettily catch the hues of the material. The bodice is long and jacket-shaped, also edged with the feathers, and displaying in the front a full cravat of coarse, yellowish lace. The back of the jacket is on the order of the fashionable box-coat, hanging loosely in the centre, and a belt is attached to the side seams, fastening over the front with an antique bronze buckle.

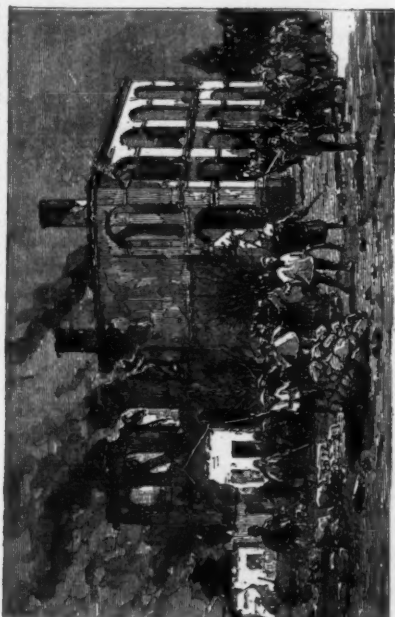
ELLA STARR.



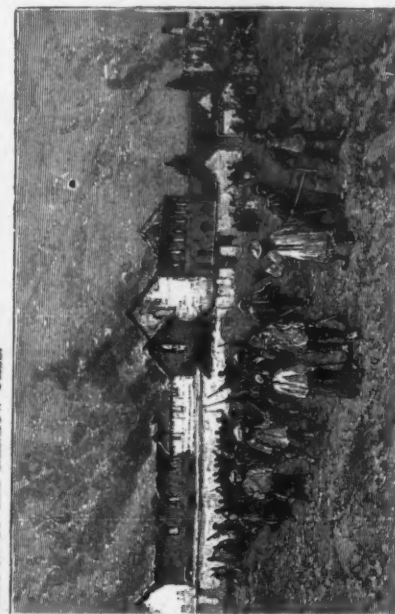
CONFERENCE OF THE WOMEN'S FRANCHISE LEAGUE IN LONDON.



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE NANKOW PASS.



THE CHINESE RIOTS—A EUROPEAN'S DEMOLISHED HOUSE AT ICHANG.



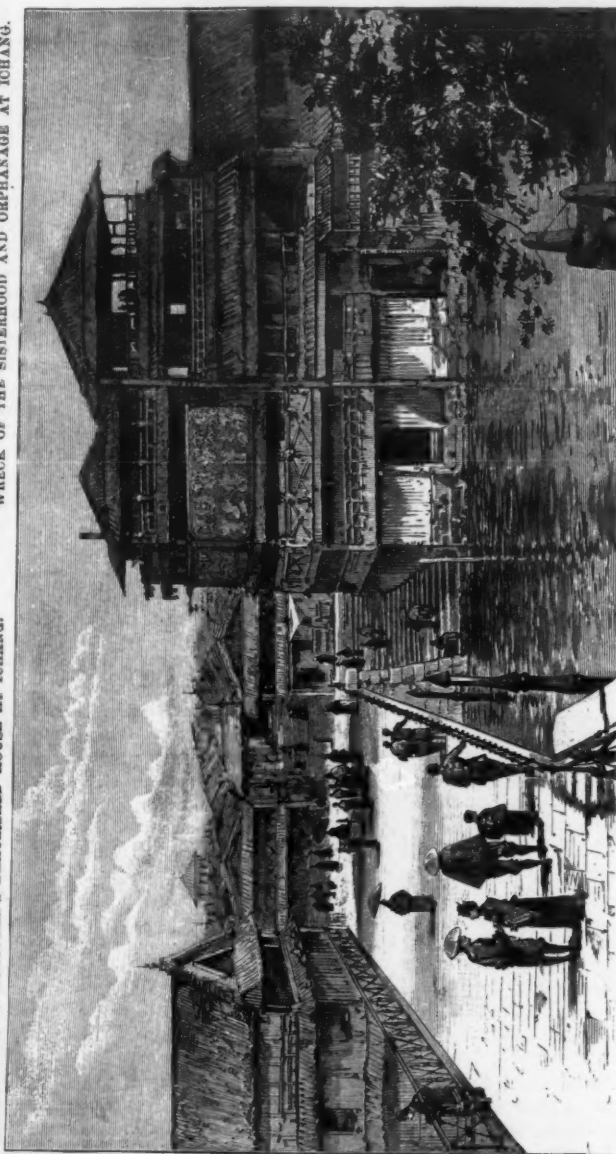
WRECK OF THE SISTERHOOD AND ORPHANAGE AT ICHANG.



THE ROYAL RETROTHAL—H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT OF WALES.



THE ROYAL RETROTHAL—H. S. H. PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK.



THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN—YEBISA-BASHI, OSAKA.

SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 397.]



THE BURNING OF THE STEAMSHIP "ABYSSINIA" AT SEA, IN LATITUDE 47 N., LONGITUDE 44 W., DECEMBER 18TH—RESCUE OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW BY THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMER "SPREE"—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 403.]

THE CRISIS.—IV.

ASIDE FROM RELIGION, WHEN I BELIEVE IT WILL COME.

A CHAPTER OF FACTS.

AS I sat myself to-night (Nov. 15th) to formulate my answer, a mere matter of personal belief, to this important query, the moon is moving steadily into the shadow of the earth, and the eclipse will soon be total. The very clouds conspire to make the heavens dark. The occultation has begun. In the sign I read the answer. I believe that the grander Crisis has begun already, with its climax, relatively speaking, only just ahead of us; and in view of some of the broader laws that govern all the forms of terrestrial life, I am confident I can adduce sufficient evidence to assist others to this same conviction. At any rate, I can at least set forth the reasons of my own belief.

Last year and this have been record-breakers in every sense of the word, and to a degree so unprecedented as to furnish one of the most common head-lines in the daily press. We have seen this realized, not only in the domain of such things as track athletics, in horse achievements, and in all that relates to the physical effort of man and beast, but even in the deeds of mere automata, steam and electricity, each day records some new accomplishment that eclipses what has gone before.

There is, in fact, a subtle increase to every form of activity, whether it is vitalized in the animal and vegetable kingdom, or simply manifested in the "energy" with which machines are driven. As apparent in the realm of mind as in that of mere physical and mechanical things, we not only find invention striding at unheard of gait, but intellect itself is quickened, and in sharper distinction is already apparent in politics, religion, and morals, the world over. Upon all sides we find individuality coming more prominently to the front. In a word, "knowledge is increased." It is as if the flat had gone forth. Let all things now reveal themselves, and, energized anew, show forth their proper fruit!

Were there in reality any actual basis for the Darwinian hypothesis, from now on we might be justified in looking for some marked progressive step all along the line of species, and ere the cycle has run out expect to see some new race generated in the very hot-bed of evolution, and before our very eyes.

Now, as a matter of fact, we certainly will see things new, and newer yet, as the decade wears to its meridian—that is, we shall see, at least, old things in new faces, *their true ones!* The intense period of activity into which we have now entered will tear off every mask.

But are we in so intense a period of activity?

What a question! And how calculated to disturb the equanimity even of a "watcher"! And yet how commonly it points some editorial query in sheets whose own columns furnish the answer day by day to every one but the editor!

It would be useless to enumerate the volumes of testimony which lend demonstration to this fact. To me the consensus of small things is of far more weight than the isolated testimony of the great ones, but as the greater include the less, particularly from the perihelion point of view, I shall content myself with selecting from a mass of clips and records only such as bear upon this general truth.

I have a volume of clippings made during the last perihelion period of Jupiter, and extending from 1879 to 1886. It is a lesson to compare them with extracts made from the current news of the day. There are parallels all along the line. Similar prodigies, but of greater stature. For instance, second and third crops of strawberries are being reported; violets, dandelions, clover blossoms, peach-trees and pears in fragrant bloom for the second and third time, are among the clippings from the papers of but yesterday (November 14th). But this series of articles was mapped out fully six years ago, and—except this closing one—was put into manuscript essentially as now being printed. In fact, three standard newspapers rejected my addresses upon this topic years before the editor of *this* fearless journal, in which they and those of the first series appeared, requested me to prepare an exposition of my views from the religious standpoint.

Had this second series followed at once in the wake of the first one, the deductions we have made would have anticipated all of the remarkable phenomena that in the interim have engaged public attention. Nevertheless, they are still on time, and in their proper chronological place.

Let us review some of the more prominent and coincident phenomena.

Upon the 17th of June, M. Trouvelot witnessed certain extraordinary luminous phenomena on the sun. "They resembled nothing he had ever seen before." The majestic and awe-inspiring solar storm lasted into June 18th. He reported the matter forthwith to the French Academy, and gave out the data, requesting "observers over the globe to trace the terrestrial effect, if any, upon atmospheric magnetism, etc." I have seen no answers reported. I doubt if many other "watchers" followed up the clew thus given. I shall pass by the probable canard as to great lunar activity upon that very date. Few papers printed it, and I was unable to trace its authority. There are plenty of data to fit the case without appealing to it.

The weather reports of June make it one of the most fickle months on record. Its variations in temperature were both remarkable and unprecedented. On the 15th the temperature was 93.2°. "It was the warmest day on record for that day in June, as was also the 17th, which recorded 92.4° as its maximum at 2 P.M." The writer was in the city of New York that day, and many will recall its phenomenal storm at 3 to 4 P.M. With it a cool wave swept over the city, and "in five minutes the temperature fell 16°—the most rapid on record. By 8 A.M. on June 18th the temperature was 56°, which was 4° colder (for that date) than ever before recorded since trustworthy thermometric statistics have been kept. The changes from the maximum of June 17th, 2.50 P.M., to 8 A.M. on June 18th, made a range of 35°, which is abnormal, even in winter days." This may be verified from official reports, and was coincident with the observations of M. Trouvelot.

We entered the present phase of the coincident perihelion some time in 1889, whose monthly range for June was but 35°. Thus in 1891 the total record was equalled in the short space of

eighteen hours!—and many thermometers made the difference even ten degrees greater.

The papers were full of the matter in every quarter, and all the adjectives were exhausted in the editorial comments, yet no one seemed to connect the two. Similar comments appeared during the August spell (12th) and that of September (19th). I clipped numerous cases of "insanity due to the heat," reports of "furious tornadoes," and similar coincident phenomena—not the least of which was the reappearance of earthquakes in divers quarters, and which, in view of the perihelion cycle, I had predicted months before they began, and whose increase and continuance I still predict.

But while June was the abnormally hot month of the cycle, July broke the record in the very opposite direction. "Never in the history of the Weather Bureau has there been so cool a July." In all parts of the country the temperature reached points from five to fifteen degrees below the normal, in several localities it reached the freezing point, and numerous frosts were reported. As a whole, the year had been over-warm, and while the deficiency for July amounted to some ninety-four degrees, at a special locality, the excess of temperature up to that month was some 341 degrees: the monthly change from June to July was as abnormal as the daily one referred to above.

The month of August was quite as notable for its excessive humidity. The atmosphere was frequently almost at the point of saturation for days at a time, and yet without the relief of rain; 90 to 97 degrees were sometimes reported. But it was now about time for the more serious seismic disturbances to follow the solar warning of June 17th, and, true to the theory of M. F. de P. Stephenson (*vide* ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for August 29th and October 31st), they put in their appearance. The outbreak in the Gulf of California will be well remembered, since when the record has been steadily increased. From Colima to Japan the earth has yielded to the growing influence, and who shall say the end has yet been reached?

We shall not discuss the bearing of these super-telluric influences upon the extraordinary tides and floods which have been reported from Spain to the Bay of Fundy, and from China to New York. This country has thus far been spared in a clearly providential manner, but elsewhere the death-record from unusual causes has been simply appalling. We hold the place of Joseph to the nations, and another "watcher" in a private letter to the writer has stated that on independent lines all things portend the years of famine as at hand. This is also partly what I meant by the last "Year of Grace" (*vide* this journal for May 9th). I cannot resist the conclusion that the day of "Facts" will "dawn" in 1892. When they begin, the "Day of Faith" is over!

"The weather record of September and October has not been equaled since 1846." The autumnal gales were just late enough to allow the usual editorial doubts to be crystallized, and then they asserted their certainty with unprecedented strength. With little intermission the tempests have continued down to this date, as the storm-tossed ships of Tarshish will attest. Since then, the cry for water has been loud in almost every city of the land.

Meanwhile, gaunt famine, with its promise of more dreadful sequents has put in its perihelion appearance over more than half the world. I refer not alone to Russian matters—serious enough—but to those of India and China, even more thickly settled. This question has direct relation to the topic now under consideration. Professor Flammarion has shown that "the last year of maximum sun spots was 1883," and that "correlation has been ascertained with certainty as regards the terrestrial magnetic effect and the maximum of sun spots every eleven years." 1880 to 1883 was the intense half of Jupiter's last perihelion, and 1892 to 1895 will be that of the current one! Flammarion is correct in stating that "the moment has now arrived when we must seek the relations which exist between terrestrial magnetism and meteorology."

But this opportunity was ours a century ago, for in 1789–91 Noah Webster, a member of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, of which I am myself a member, and from these same staid and by no means cranky localities, began to collect data on the "History of Pestilence." His preface shows that the terrestrial situation was similar to the present, although less aggravated, and his glance swept in and co-ordinated a foundation for his conclusions and warnings gathered from all human experience. In 1799 Congress published the result of his investigations. If the present writer is a crank, he has had illustrious predecessors, and prefers the association rather than be silent at the bray of asses!

In the interim between the inception of Noah Webster's work—a greater than his dictionary, but just revised from these Yalensian halls—and its publication, the world had passed through the "Reign of Terror." Perhaps in 1899, after we may have passed through the coming reign of horror, this rare work of Webster, a copy of which now lies before me, will receive the attention it deserves. When our horse is stolen we lock the stable!

But why not take the bull by the horns at once and admit that the primary cause of all these things is the super-terrestrial influence of the planetary perihelia—particularly that of Jupiter—the only mechanical and adequate variables in the solar system? Simply because scientists, like theologians, are over-cautious and conservative, and always have to be forced to advanced conclusions from the outside. As for myself, I had rather err in a square and common-sense conclusion than bite my tongue for fear of blaspheming the text-books! and to every practical man, so soon as he learns the relation and coincidence existing between the equal periods of Jupiter, the sun spots, and terrestrial disturbances of every description, the conclusion is inevitable. Thereafter he will act upon it in the same way that the Government weather bureau of India acted in giving warning of the probable shortage of local crops this summer.

This warning was based upon a well-defined repetition of the failure of the monsoon, and a subsequent severe winter in the Himalayas. The coincidence was originally pointed out in 1877 by S. A. Hill and Douglass Archibald, two well-known and independent meteorologists, and was followed by drought and famine in 1877, again in 1885, and for several years long-range forecasts have been made upon this basis. Similar forecasts can

be made upon the broader one of which we are treating, and of which all the rest are simply consequences modified by purely local functions.

But what are some of the subordinate consequences that follow in the train of this vast determinant? A comparison of the disaster columns of a file of papers for 1879–80 and 1890–91 will point them out at once, but with the startling conviction that they are repeating at a rate which promises to break the record in most unwelcome ways. It is very human to put the cart before the horse. The fact is, we have caught this latest craze from the solar system itself, for it is in the van as to "record-breaking," and all in it simply follows suit! Show me a fly-wheel that for some abnormal reason has increased its "speed" and I will show you a machine in danger of "hammering" itself to pieces!

Has the gripe of last year and the year before been forgotten? It is now raging in parts of Austria and France, and has already reappeared among us to keep our memory alive. Is it too long ago to remember that the death-rate from cholera this very summer (August) was unprecedented at Mecca, 11,000 pilgrims having died from it during the season? Did no one else clip the terrible accounts of this same epidemic reported as raging no later than September 30th in Foo-Chow, where it is said to be more prevalent than ever? Does no one see the forecast of the most dreadful of all pestilences concealed in the withdrawal of the Russian troops from fever-stricken Bessarabia? The haunts of the "yellow Jack" are already exercised over its unwelcome reappearance!

But there is little need of further citation. Such things as these always come in the train of planetary perihelia, of which there remains just one before this century ends, the one into which we have already entered, in fact, have been in for full thirty years, if Neptune and Uranus be considered in the problem.

As already noted, the question of finance cycles with this same influence, and has been sufficiently well discussed by "Jasper" in the columns of this very paper (*vide* October 24th). There is a great deal of Benner between the lines of "Jasper's" article, and an open reference to the twelve-year cycle. It must be remembered, however, by those who point to the peculiar prosperity of our own land, at least at this juncture, that America is not all creation, and that the planetary influences are broadly terrestrial. In this respect Benner's prophecies have already been positively fulfilled: witness the financial crises of the Barings, of Russia, of the Argentine Confederation, the late excitement in Berlin, and our own at the beginning of the year. We must not forget too easily, nor limit our philosophical horizon.

Finally, I quote "Jasper." These are "long-handed predictions," and of course are "subject to the decisions of the Fates." Agreed, but with the understanding that the Fates are the *conditions*, and that man himself, by false systems in every sphere of life, is closely, so well as remotely, responsible for such as shall find him "wanting."

Man proposes, but God disposes. Not content with what we have inherited, we still eat of the forbidden fruit. Adam probably carried the core of the apple out of the garden, and the seeds took root! At any rate tradition says so, and the consequences seem to bear the matter out.

O. J. Lott
Lott
Lott

YALE UNIVERSITY, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1891.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE SELECTION OF A PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTRUMENT.

SOMETHING akin to tracing out an extended route by means of the usually complicated railway guide is felt by every one who undertakes camera work and first consults the stock dealers' catalogues. There is a very serious side to the matter, as one's mistakes are often costly and the beginner is apt to think that if some friend will only advise him, all will go well. It is, however, a human weakness to imagine peculiar virtues in one's own belongings, like the Mohammedan Vizier, who thought there was little virtue in other copies of the Koran as compared with his own particular one. Photographic instruments can only follow the guidance of the operator, and the best of them will not do itself justice in untrained hands. It is possible, and I wish to make this point as strongly as the English language will permit, to put into one's instrument what might be called a living spirit. There is really no lack of excellent cameras, foreign and American, to suit all tastes and pockets, and this fact makes it all the more difficult to choose. Without specializing any particular make, I will merely state what should be the qualities required for good work, or, as a writing-master would say, set a copy and then recommend practice. It is impossible to go beyond a certain point in helping people, and the camerist must learn to stand alone as soon as he can. The natural instinct of a beginner is to ask help, but the advice often given him is unfitted for any practical purpose, being too technical and complicated, and such only leads to confusion and discouragement.

There is a considerable amount of actual hard study and thought—drudgery, in fact—to be gone through with in learning the "a b c" of photography, and there are many people who wonder, as did the boy about the alphabet, whether it is worth while to go through so much to get so little; but he who seeks will find, and he can afford to pity the shortsightedness of those who have not his clearer vision. Do not expect that the instrument, as it comes to you from the dealer's hands, will not be subject to infirmities, but if you learn the object and use of every part for yourself, and find, perchance, where improvement can be made, you become practically independent and are not obliged to pin your faith blindly on anybody or anything. This is a decided point to reach in your progress, and may save much future expense and trouble. Don't take any statement on trust, but test it for yourself. When I look back and see the amount of poor work which might have been spared my friends

and myself if this fact had been impressed on me years ago, I feel impelled to urge it upon my fellow-workers. You buy an instrument and think you understand it because you can set it up and draw a focus. Use it faithfully and with increasing judgment for a year and then compare results. The camera will be no better, but your work ought to be decidedly improved in that time. Shakespeare says: "The fault's not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings."

To start with, let it be remembered that the camera is not the prime factor to be considered, as it can be of home-made manufacture, and while shining brass and polished wood improve its appearance, they do not appreciably improve its working powers. Let the camera be of well-seasoned wood and absolutely light-tight, have a sliding-front and reversible swing-back, and be sure the plate-holder will occupy the exact place of the ground glass. Here is where many of the cheap cameras fail; the picture may appear sharp on the ground glass but, as the plate-holder cannot occupy the precise position of the latter, owing to careless workmanship, the resulting picture will be out of focus. The camera should have a good length of bellows to admit of long and short focus lenses being used, but the camera-bed should be so contrived as to shorten when necessary, so that with a wide-angle lens the former need not be included in the view. I prefer those cameras which close tightly and compactly on themselves, allowing the front-board to be reversed and shut inside the instrument, thus protecting the lens. Of course this cannot be done except when the lens has a short cylinder. The holders ought to work smoothly, be kept free from dust and warping, and admit no light. The slides should be marked on one side "exposed" and have the other plain, to prevent double exposure. With all the variety of holders on the market, each is made just a little different from the others, so that it can be used with only one kind of camera.

There is a movement on foot to make it possible for different lenses to fit in the same flange, and I wish some such thing might be done with plate-holders carrying the same size plates. The more cameras one owns, the more apparent this need becomes. Then, with the tripod, if that is used, it should be a question of rigidity rather than portability. From the demand for light outfits it would seem as if physical exertion does not meet general favor, but men and women carry just as heavy weights oftentimes as a camera, and with not nearly so much to show for it. If you are unwilling or unable to take a little extra exertion to gain good results, do not expect ever to rise beyond the ranks. My 8 x 10 carrying-case for out-door work has space for camera, tripod, focusing-cloth, six double plate-holders, and two lenses. It is rather heavy, but that is only a temporary inconvenience, willingly undergone, and forgotten when success is gained.

It is wisest to begin with a small camera, for the inevitable failures are not so costly as with larger sizes, but I am strongly opposed to anything smaller than 4 x 5, as it is apt to encourage a pettiness of style inconsistent with artistic progress. The work, as with miniature painters, never gets beyond a certain point. Defects do not show so readily, of course, in a small negative, and it is always possible to have recourse to that universally believed-in "pannersee," enlarging which only increases, however, those same defects. The English are fond of what they call whole-plate size, 6½ x 8½, but it has no real advantage over 8 x 10, and the latter size prints can be readily trimmed down if desired. Kits to admit using smaller plates can be placed in any size holder and are very useful. I have been sharply criticised for recommending the use of a view camera in the studio, but for the average amateur it is the only one he can have, generally, and, especially in the larger sizes, it is much less cumbersome than a regular portrait instrument, besides allowing the use of double holders, which is a very positive advantage at times. The best instrument is the simplest, but altogether too many people require one to have all the photographic virtues, some of them totally inconsistent with each other. When they buy a lens they wish it to have at the same time a long and short focus, narrow and wide angle, be perfectly rectilinear, and admit of being used at all rates of speed from hours to small fractions of a second. It must be suitable for portraits, interiors, landscapes, marines, genre subjects, or flash-light studies. Such persons do not seem to realize that the lens whose sight can pierce the distant heavens is not suited for deep-sea experiments, nor that the rapidity of a large portrait lens necessitates what would utterly unfit it for other uses.

The qualities demanded in such widely differing cases cannot be reconciled in any lens as at present made or likely to be made. The best one for the beginner, as being the cheapest, is the single-view lens, but the best, as soon as he is able to properly use it, is the rapid rectilinear, for that can be used for more kinds of work than any other. As I am continually urging, do not buy any lens without having it carefully tested by some expert if you cannot do it yourself. You cannot do good work with a poor one. With the lens, much more than with the camera, choice depends largely on the kind of work to be done. The faults of a single-view lens are not so visible in landscapes as in architectural work, where the lines must be perfectly rectilinear, while for accurately scientific or purely artistic work one should have a variety of lenses, as the painter has his brushes and colors. Each artist must have good tools. Lenses are made which admit of several combinations, using only one cylinder, but their adjustment requires a certain knowledge of optics and is complicated, while there is always a possibility of injury to the glasses in changing them. I do not believe in buying what is understood by the word "outfit," but simply the camera, tripod, and lens, in order to get some clear idea of using them before plunging into the wilderness of developing and printing. That is too much like a surgeon beginning practice without studying anatomy, or a painter without a knowledge of color values. Do not begin by depending on focusing-glasses, a spirit-level, or any other labor-saving appliance. They are well enough after a certain experience has been reached, but you might as well expect to learn to be a skilled rider by always using a led horse as working in such a helpless way.

Now a few words as to expense. The best camera made need not, for, say a 5 x 7 size, cost over thirty dollars, the tripod about three, and the lens may bring the whole expense up to fifty. Such an outfit is good enough for a lifetime if carefully used. Do not believe, as I saw it stated recently, that a seven-dollar instru-

ment can give results equaling those of a seventy-dollar one. You can get tolerable results, but nothing more, with the one, while you can produce veritable works of art with the other when you know how to use it. In future papers I shall treat of the use and care of instruments, but in this I have only tried to advise as to a selection, and have said nothing about the very prevalent hand-cameras, believing they should not be used until the camerist has gained considerable experience.

CATHARINE WEED BARNES.

[The remaining articles of this series will relate to "Exposure and Development," "Printing Methods," "Orthochromatic Plates," "Lantern Slides," and "Studio Work."]

WALT WHITMAN.

WALT WHITMAN is seriously ill, and may die at any moment. He has been waiting and, one might almost say, posing for death, for more than three years. In the summer of 1888 he sent to *Lippincott's Magazine* some lines in his peculiar style which seemed intended for his farewell:

"After the supper and talk—after the day is done,
As a friend from friends his final withdrawal prolonging—
Good-bye and good-bye, with emotional lips repeating,
A far-stretching journey before him, to return no more.
Farewells, messages lessening, dimmer the forth-goer's visage and form,
Soon to be lost for aye in the darkness, loth, oh, so loth to depart,
Garrulous to the very last."

But he did not vanish then. He has since been building for himself a massive granite tomb, and during the last year he again set forth his farewell in the lines entitled "Good-bye, my Fancy," in which he seemed to wrench himself reluctantly from the task of explaining the age in which he had lived, and to prepare for the "final withdrawal," so unexpectedly prolonged. This figure of the old poet waiting for death is one of the most unique and interesting in literary history. More than a quarter of a century ago, when I was often in the Attorney-General's office in Washington, I became familiar with his writings, and looking back now over his whole work I am inclined to believe that it will outlive that of any poet of this age.

No writer has been the subject of such extremes of praise and blame. Many who leave great names have been greeted with scorn upon their entrance on the field of literature, but here is one who has been received at the opening and followed throughout his career with both contempt and eulogy, equally unstinted and extravagant.

In 1855 the first issue of "Leaves of Grass" appeared. It had no sale, and excited ridicule and even anger. But in July of that year Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote to him in terms of unmeasured praise. He said: "I find in it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. I greet you at the beginning of a great career. I rubbed my eyes a little to see if this sunbeam were no illusion, but the solid sense of the book is a sober certainty." But in the same year the *London Critic* denounced the book as ridiculous, and said: "Walt Whitman is as unacquainted with art as a hog is with mathematics." In the next year Thoreau seemed puzzled as to how to view this new star in the literary firmament, but said: "Though rude and sometimes ineffectual, it is a great primitive poem, an alarm or trumpet note ringing through the American camp." In 1859, in a book of travels, occurs this passage: "The atmosphere of the 'Leaves of Grass' is as sweet as a hay-field. Its pages exhale the fragrance of nature. It takes you back to man's pristine state of innocence in Paradise and lifts you Godwards. It is the healthiest book, morally, this century has produced." But in the next year the *Boston Post* said: "Woe and shame for the land of liberty if its literature's stream is thus to flow from the filthy fountain of licentious corruption." Yet the *Boston Cosmopolitan* of the same year declared: "In no other poems do we find such a lavish outpouring of wealth. In the fire of his inspiration are fused and poured out together elements hitherto considered antagonistic in poetry—passion, arrogance, animality, philosophy, brag, humility, rowdiness, spirituality, laughter, tears, together with the most ardent and tender love, the most comprehensive human sympathy, which ever radiated its divine glow through the pages of poems." And so the alternating chorus of obloquy and eulogy went on. It would be interesting to follow it through the poet's life in detail, but there is space only for a few of its most striking notes.

Bronson Alcott, no mean literary censor, pronounced Walt Whitman greater than Plato. Mrs. Gilchrist declared that his words were like electric streams, and contained such wisdom, strength and sunshine that the soul bathes in them renewed and strengthened. But a writer in the *Contemporary Review* in 1875 declared that if anything was ever atrociously bad it was the poetry of Walt Whitman, and that it was the philosophy of bedlam. And *Appleton's Journal* in the next year arrived at the conclusion that he was, in his literary life and methods, a mere trickster. Yet Joaquin Miller, about the same time, said in a lecture in Washington: "He shall live when the dome of your capitol no longer lifts its rounded shoulders against the circles of time." And F. W. Walters, in a book published in London in 1880, said: "At last he whom we looked for is come. America has found voice. The teeming life of the New World has risen in song; the infant civilization can now boast a true-born poet of its own. If Greece had its Homer, if England had its Chaucer, so now America has brought forth this first-born of a long line of glorious bards such as the world has never seen before."

But to change the tune again, the *New York Tribune* in 1881 said: "After the dilettante indelicacies of W. H. Mallock and Oscar Wilde we are presented with the slop-bucket of Walt Whitman." But in the same month the *Springfield Republican* declared that there was in Whitman's verse, more than in any other modern poet's, what Keats called "that large utterance of the early gods"—an indistinct grandeur of expression not yet moulded to the melody of Shakespeare, Lucretius and Æschylus, but like what Keats again calls, "the overwhelming voice of huge Enceladus." And the *Boston Herald* declared that "suppressing Walt Whitman's poems is like putting the Venus of Milo in petticoats."

But to give no more of the random expressions in the periodical press, I will add certain remarkable statements of well-known literary critics.

John Burroughs, in an article in 1887 entitled "Books Which Have Influenced Me," says: "Whitman opens the doors, and opens them wide. He pours a flood of human sympathy which sets the whole world afloat. He is a great humanizing power. There is no other personality in literature that gives me such a sense of breadth and magnitude in the purely human and personal qualities."

Algernon Charles Swinburne said: "He is usually regarded by others than Whitmanians as simply a blatant quack, a vehement and emphatic dunce of incomparable vanity and volubility, inconceivable pretensions and incompetence. That such is by no means my own view I need scarcely take the trouble to protest."

Lord Tennyson wrote, in November, 1887: "Dear Walt Whitman—I thank you for your kind thought of me. I value the photograph much, and wish that I could see not only this sun picture, excellent as I am told it is, but also the living original. May he still live and flourish for many years to come."

Robert Louis Stevenson, under the title "Books Which Have Influenced Me," said: "Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass' is a work of singular service—a book which tumbled the world upside down for me, blew into space a thousand cobwebs of genteel and ethical illusion, and having thus shaken my tabernacle of lies, set me back again upon a strong foundation of all the original and manly virtues."

And Edmund C. Stedman, who is almost an arbiter of literary worth, devotes more space to Whitman than to any other of the nine American poets whom he portrays, except Edgar A. Poe. He says: "I may as well say now that both instinct and judgment, with our Greek choruses in mind, and Pindar, and the Hebrew bards, long since led me to number him among the foremost lyric and idyllic poets."

And Robert Buchanan, novelist and poet, in his "Faces on the Wall," wrote:

"Friend Whitman! wert thou less serene and kind,
Surely thou mightest (like the bard sublime,
Scorned by a generation deaf and blind)
Make thine appeal to the avenger, Time."

The day has now come when the trial of that appeal is to begin, and in view of the varied estimates of his contemporaries, it will be for those who shall hear it or take part in it a most interesting contest, to end either in awarding to Walt Whitman the crown of a permanent literary fame, or in adjudging that he was a literary quack. His works will be eagerly scanned in order to determine, after the tumult of discordant voices which prevailed during his lifetime has been stilled by his death, what there is in them to explain the fact that Emerson, at the outset of his career, declared that a new light had dawned in American literature, and Robert Louis Stevenson, near the close of it, found that they had tumbled the world upside down for him.

I think that much of the obloquy to which he has been subjected during his life arose from the fact that certain offending passages printed in the earlier editions of "Leaves of Grass" have been since retained, in spite of the remonstrance of Emerson and the storm of execration which greeted them. These comprise only about one hundred lines out of more than ten thousand written, and these few, among the first which he published, have served to repel many readers at the threshold.

It is undoubtedly true that if a delineator of the mind and heart of man assumes to sweep with his survey, without reserve, the whole range of human passions and emotions, he will offend the fastidious who do not comprehend the scope of his design. It is true also that if a surgeon sets himself to the task of displaying and explaining the entire structure and functions of the human frame, he will show much that is painful and even revolting.

Whether, in either case, the effort is to be blamed or commended, depends on its motive and its method. In both cases the teacher has the right to assume that to the pure all things are pure. Each age must take the great body of its accumulated art and literature as it is, and shutting the eye, if need be, to its repulsive features, rejoice in its abundant beauties. Without attempting to varnish the few blots in Walt Whitman's work, or to expound the theory out of which they were evolved, it must suffice to give some extracts from the poet's own explanation of that theory in a recent article entitled "My Book and I." He says:

"I look upon 'Leaves of Grass' as my definitive *carte de visite* to the coming generations of the New World, if I may assume to say so. . . . I have abandoned the conventional themes: none of the stock ornamentation, or choice plots of love or war, or high exceptional personages of Old World song appear in my book; nothing I may say for beauty's sake—no legend, or myth, or romance, nor euphemism nor rhyme. But the broadest average of humanity and its identities in the now ripening nineteenth century, and especially in each of their countless examples and practical occupations in the United States to-day. . . . My Book and I! What a period we have presumed to span—those thirty years from 1850 to 1880, and America in them! Proud, indeed, may we be if we have culled enough of that period in its own spirit to worthily waft a few breaths of it to the future."

So mused the old poet, sitting in his humble home in Camden, recalling all he had known and felt in this narrow life, and waiting for a broader vision. There were few tones of domestic love or popular adulation about him, but he heard voices from all the world and from the universe, as he has said in two of his finest lines:

"Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice him or her shall I follow,
'As the water follows the moon silently, with fluid steps, anywhere around the globe."

He had no luxurious trappings, and scarcely comforts for his old age, but he had grand pictures in what he calls "My Picture Gallery," meaning his own brain, of which he says:

"In a little house keep I pictures suspended—it is not a fixed house,
It is round, it is only a few inches from one side to the other;
Yet behold! it has room enough for all the shows of the world, all memories;

Here the tableaux of life and here the groupings of death."

I am convinced that some of these pictures will be seen and admired for many generations. Like those of the great art galleries, some may be repulsive and too full of color and sensuousness to give pleasure or extort admiration, but many are grand and inspiring and open a new world to the beholder, and some are so noble and pure that one must set down before them in hushed contemplation, as in the Tribune in Florence or in the



"A STUDY": PHOTO BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ, NEW YORK CITY.



"MARINA": PHOTO BY A. STIEGLITZ, NEW YORK CITY.

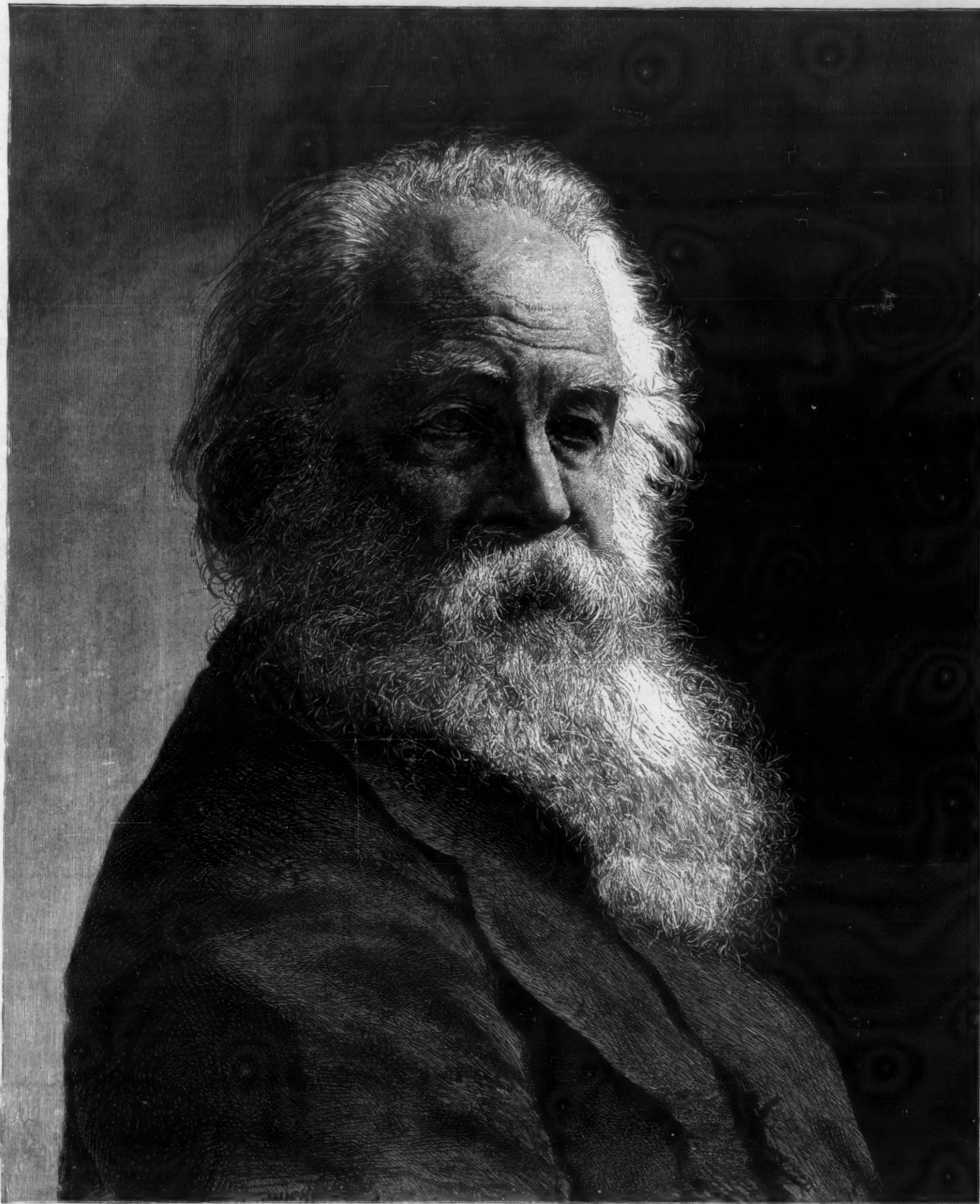


"MELPOMENE": PHOTO BY MISS EMMA J. FARNSWORTH, ALBANY, N. Y.



"A FOREST FLOWER": PHOTO BY GEORGE E. WOOD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE PROGRESS OF AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY—SOME REMARKABLE SPECIMENS OF FIGURE WORK.



WALT WHITMAN—PHOTO BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 401.]

little room in Dresden where the masterpiece of Raphael shines alone.

If I were permitted to point out only two pictures in the gallery of Walt Whitman's works I would select these, the first exhibiting his mode of dealing with the great theme so constantly in his mind, "American Democracy," and the other showing him in his psychological mood, dreaming of the destiny of the human soul.

The first is from the poem entitled "Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood":

"Sail, sail thy best, ship of Democracy,
Of value is thy freight, 'tis not the present only,
The past is stored in thee.
Thou holdest not the venture of thyself alone,—not of the Western continent alone.
Earth's *résumé* entire floats on thy keel, O ship, is steadied by thy spars.
With thee time voyages in trust, the antecedent nations swim with thee.
With all our ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics, wars, thou bear'st the other continents;
Theirs, theirs as much as thine the destination triumphant.
Steer then with good strong hand and wary eye, O helmsman, thou bearest great companions.
Venerable, priestly Asia sails to-day with thee,
And royal feudal Europe sails with thee."

The second is a short, separate poem, which artists would call a *genre* picture:

"A noiseless, patient spider,
I marked where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Marked how, to explore the vast, vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.
And you, O my soul, where you stand, surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Carelessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be formed, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul!"

There are many other remarkable pictures which will be scrutinized from that strange picture gallery—the brain of Walt Whitman. They will at last be examined, not in a caviling spirit, but with the real desire to see their beauties. Men will shut their eyes to the little they may find repulsive, and perhaps will find none on closer scrutiny, and it may be with many, as with John Burroughs, that this closer examination will open wide new doors of thought and human sympathy, and with some, as with Robert Louis Stevenson, may "tumble the world upside down" for them, or at least "blow away their cobwebs of genteel and ethical illusion, and set them on a strong foundation of all the original and manly virtues." A. Q. KEARNEY.

A DRAMA OF THE SEA.

THE story of the loss of the Guion line freight steamship *Abyssinia*, cabled from England, is as thrilling as it might have been tragic. The *Abyssinia* sailed from New York for Liverpool on the 13th of December, with eighteen cabin and thirty-five steerage passengers aboard, and a crew of eighty men under command of Captain George S. Murray. Her cargo was a miscellaneous one, valued at about \$275,000. On Friday, December 18th, fire—probably resulting from spontaneous combustion—broke out among the cotton in the hold. The crew were quietly set to work to fight the flames, but when there was found to be no hope of saving the ship, Captain Murray ordered the life-boats to be made ready, and told the passengers to prepare to escape with their lives. A panic ensued, but discipline was maintained, and the embarkation of the passengers in the life-boats, women and children first, began. At this critical moment the North German Lloyd steamer *Spree*, Captain Willigerod, hove in sight, took all hands safely on board, with such of their personal effects as they could carry in their hands, and landed them at Southampton on December 22d, whence they were sent on to Liverpool, the passengers being cared for by the Guion Company. The point where the *Spree* so opportunely came up with the burning *Abyssinia* was latitude 47 north, longitude 44 west,



NANNIE'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

It was Nannie's first Christmas. Yet Nannie was nine years old and had lived in a great city, where every year Santa Claus visited thousands of children and filled their stockings with every good thing that a child could want.

But poor little Nannie, although she had lived in the very city in which Santa Claus was so generous, had never known what it was to have a Christmas of her own. Nannie's parents had been very poor, and they had died when Nannie was too little to remember anything about them. And since then the poor little girl had grown up as best she could on the streets.

Sometimes, when Nannie was in luck, she would make enough money selling newspapers and peddling matches to buy a dinner when it came dinner-time. But oftener Nannie was hungry, and at night, when she curled herself up behind some friendly boxes or crawled in under the front doorstep of some of her more fortunate neighbors, it was a very cold and miserable little girl indeed who fell asleep as best she could, trying to forget her hunger and cold.

But of Christmas and Santa Claus, Nannie knew nothing. Nobody had ever told her about the little Christ-child that came to earth so long ago, and whose birthday we celebrate each year with song and gifts and good things to eat and all kinds of merry-making.

But last summer, when Nannie fell ill from standing all one hot day in the blazing sun trying to earn a few pennies, some Fresh-air people found her and sent her away into the country for two weeks. It was there that Nannie learned all about Christmas. And when they told her about the wonderful saint, our own dear Santa Claus, who comes around on Christmas Eve



NANNIE'S STOCKING.

and fills the stockings of all good children, her eyes opened wide, and she asked over and over again to be told more about Santa Claus and the night before Christmas.

The good people who had taken Nannie in charge for the two weeks grew to like the child before the two weeks were ended, and one day there was a family council called to consider whether it would not be well to keep Nannie all the year round. The family was small, with but four children in it—Alice and Kitty, ten and eight years old; Bob, who was scarcely five, and Baby Johnny, who had just reached his third year.

Nannie was fond of the little ones, and had shown herself so capable in taking care of them and amusing them, that a letter was sent to the Fresh-air people, and in a few days a letter came back in reply, saying that Nannie might live in the country all the time if it pleased the good people to keep her.

How delighted Nannie was when she found that she need not return to the city, with its hot dusty pavements in summer and its cold driving winds in winter! And how pleased she was when she looked around upon the flowery fields and pleasant meadows and realized that she might stay there always and call it her home.

But all the other glories faded before the glory of Christmas. Nannie would sit for hours with open mouth and eyes stretched in wonder while the children told her of Santa Claus and the beautiful things that he had brought them last year, and also the lovely presents which they were sure he would bring next Christmas. Even Baby Johnny, who was only three years old, remembered a little about Santa Claus, and would clap his hands and shout whenever Christmas was mentioned. But Nannie, poor little Nannie, knew nothing about it at all, except as they told her. And when the children said that they knew that Santa Claus would visit her also next Christmas, and would fill her stockings with good things, Nannie was so overcome with surprise and joy that she could scarcely eat or sleep.

It was nearly Christmas time. Already the green wreaths of holly had been hung up at the windows, and boughs of hemlock and pine had been brought in and placed over the doorways to give the house a Christmas air.

"Haven't you ever, ever seen Santa Claus?" queried Nannie, for the thousandth time, of Alice and Kitty, who were telling her over again the story of last Christmas.

"No, indeed; and we don't want to see him. Mamma says that he does not like to have children see him when he is giving them their presents, and so we always go to bed and go to sleep early, and then we know that when we wake up in the morning we are sure to find the presents there. And then mamma reads us a story; telling us how Santa Claus came in the night with his reindeer, and came pattering over the roof and down the chimney."

"Well, I'm going to see him, any way," said independent little Nannie, who had been always used to doing just as she pleased, and who could not now make up her mind to do just as the others did.

But no one heard her, and when, the night before Christmas, all the children hung up their stockings around the fire-place, Nannie's stocking was among the others, and Nannie herself watched it as it hung there, and wondered with all the rest what it would contain in the morning.

At nine o'clock all the children were asleep except Nannie, who lay in her little white bed, listening until she was sure that not a sound came forth from the nursery except the regular breathing from the children, who had fallen asleep with visions of Santa Claus in their heads.

Out of her little bed stole Nannie, and wrapping a blanket around her, she crept softly along the hall with her slippers in her hand, not daring to put them on, lest the noise should awaken Alice and Kitty, who were sleeping so near. At the head of the stairs there was a little clothes-press, and in the top of that Nannie knew there was a little scuttle-hole by which the roof could be reached. Nannie knew this because she had seen some one walk on the roof one day last summer to nail on a couple of loose shingles, and she had watched carefully when the man came down and hung the ladder upon the wall. It was a short ladder, and not a very heavy one, so that Nannie had no trouble in lifting it down from the wall and placing it up against the scuttle-hole.

As she stepped upon the steep little ladder it creaked terribly, and Nannie held her breath and paused, trembling lest some one should hear her and send her back to bed.

But no one had heard her, and Nannie soon reached the roof of the low farm-house and climbed out upon it. It was terribly cold. The wind swept across the roof and pierced Nannie to her very skin. But the little girl of the streets, who had often slept out doors, with no other protection than that which the stars gave her, did not mind the wintry blasts if only she might be rewarded afterward by seeing Santa Claus. Wrapping her blanket more closely around her, she stole gently over to the chimney, and cuddling against the warmest side of it, she nestled down and prepared to wait.

But it was cold! oh, so bitterly cold! and Nannie grew so stiff, and her fingers ached so, that she almost cried with the pain. But Nannie determined not to give up. If she could only wait a little longer, she thought, she would see Santa Claus, and then she would have so much to tell the children the rest of the year.

By and by the cold seemed to get worse and more piercing, and Nannie blew upon her hands and slapped them about her shoulders, as she used to do in the streets, and then (Nannie could never tell afterward just how it happened) a drowsiness came over her—her eyelids fell lower and lower, and before she knew anything about it she was asleep.

Suddenly voices startled her, and she sprang to her feet. They were saying: "Why, Nannie, Nannie, what are you doing here? Why did you get out of your nice warm bed, and why did you come up on the roof? You must be frozen, child. You must surely have caught your death of cold."

And before she knew it, gentle arms were lifting her up and carrying her, cold and benumbed and almost frozen to death, down into the warm, lighted rooms below.

What a commotion it all made, and how startled Alice and Kitty were! And how Robbie and Johnny cried when they woke up and were told that it was not Christmas yet, and that Santa Claus had not been around.

"We passed your room, Nannie," said the kind home-mother, as gently as she could, when she had warmed the little truant by the fire and had given her a glass of hot milk to drink, "and we saw your door open and your bed empty, and then we looked for you, Nannie, everywhere, until the open scuttle-hole told us that you were on the roof. You might have been frozen to death. But it is Christmas Eve, child, and we will not scold about it this time, but you must be contented to go to bed and wait for Santa Claus, with all the rest of the children. Be very sure that Santa Claus, although a dear, kind saint, never comes to naughty children, or to those who disobey by watching for him when they are told to go quietly to bed and to sleep."

So Nannie, much humbled in spirit and ashamed of her waywardness, went quietly to bed and to sleep. Next morning, when she awoke, Santa Claus had been there and had left a stockingful of the prettiest toys in the world for every one—even for Nannie.

LISBETH'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

THE house where little Lisbeth lived was in the midst of a large garden, and the trees were full of sparrows. Lisbeth had stolen from her bedroom early Christmas morning to get a glimpse of her Christmas-tree.

It had snowed during the night, and she stood for a moment by the fire-place looking out at the garden so softly covered by



"SHE STOOD BY THE FIRE-PLACE."

the smooth white carpet. The sparrows were hopping about, seeking in vain for any crumbs of food; the snow had covered everything.

"Poor little things!" said Lisbeth. "How sorry I am for them. They are so cold, so hungry! They have no nice warm house, and they have no Christmas-tree!"

She went to the window after breakfast. The sparrows were still there, chirping, and hopping over the snow. All at once her face brightened.

"You shall have a Christmas-tree, dear little birds!" she cried.

She took all the toys from the branches of her little tree and put in their place tiny baskets and boxes filled with crumbs of bread and cake. Then she ran to find her brother, and he helped



"'POOR LITTLE THINGS!' SHE CRIED."

her to tie the tree to the balcony outside the window.

Some of the birds flew over to it at once, and after they had tasted the good things in the little baskets and boxes they went to bring the news to their friends, and all the birds lit on the branches and enjoyed the feast, twittering and chirping their thanks to little Lisbeth; and she was happier than when she had first clapped her hands at the sight of her beautiful tree. It was because (she did not know it then, but she knows it well now) that it is always better to give than to receive.



ALL children are invited to send in the answers to the following puzzles. The names of those who send in a correct solution will be printed next month. Write only on one side of the paper, and address all letters to **PUZZLEDOM, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, New York City.** Children are invited to send in original puzzles.

NO. 1.—A NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 7, 28, 19, 16, 28, 29, 9, 22 a battle in the Revolutionary War.
My 1, 23, 25, 30 to have on.
My 27, 5, 15, 26 always.
My 4, 14, 19, 23 a celebrated English queen.
My 17, 28, 29, 10, 11 childhood.
My 31, 3, 12, 30, 7, 25, 19 a general in the Civil War.
My 30, 18, 14, 21, 6 an Italian poet.
My 13, 14, 2, 7, 24 a foe.
My 20, 8, 4, 14 a dignitary of the church.
My whole is a noted saying by a celebrated American officer.

JOHNNIE EVANS.

NO. 2.—SQUARE WORD.

• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •

A poetical name for Ireland.

Uncouth.

A thought.

Close.

MAMMA AND JAMIE.

NO. 3.—WORD-BUILDING.

Begin with a single letter, and by adding one letter at a time, and perhaps transposing the letters, make a new word of each move.

1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. The present. 4. A kind of soft plumage. 5. To deluge. 6. Surprise.

1. A vowel. 2. An article. 3. To be able. 4. To toss. 5. A division of a poem. 6. A division of a country.

LILY W. W.

SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE.

A GEOGRAPHICAL GUESS-WHAT.

ONE day last May, Charles Jackson and Sydney Manchester planned a nutting party that they were going to have in October. So one day last week they started for the Woods. The morning was not Pleasant, but the boys thought it would Clear, so they set out with a Nice luncheon. There was more than one Sandwich made of Turkey, an Orange for each of the boys, a Washington pie, some Delaware peaches, and Snow custard put up in Darling little cups. Soon the weather became more Friendly, and the boys saw a Rainbow in the sky to tell them their Disappointment was brief, and the Rainy weather was over.

The boys gathered all the nuts they could possibly carry home, ate their lunch, and then played that they were hunters. First they shot a Deer, then a Fox, and finally a Great Bear.

Suddenly Wheeling around, Charles Jackson saw something White in the distance. Soon he discovered that it was his sister Florence and Lena St. Johns. The girls had on White Marseilles dresses and big Yellow Leghorn hats. "Do not Rome (roam) far into the Woods," said Sydney, "for I think this Blue sky is going to become Black very soon, and there will be a storm." It was now getting late, and they had just a little Fear to be out in the dark, so they all said Farewell to the Woods, and ran a Race home.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

The following boys and girls sent in a correct solution:

Bertha Staver, Freeport, Ill.; Janet C. Houston, New Castle, Virginia; Jessie M. Bill, Dubuque, Iowa; Marie Dell, Baltimore, Maryland; Maude Tillotson, Brewster, N. Y.; Hugo W. Kaiser, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hugo Ballin, New York City; Grace Munro, New York City; Horace Klein, Jersey City, N. J.; Frank Haywood, Brooklyn, and Thomas W. Sims, Jr., Mobile, Alabama.

THE PRIZE LETTER.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! How is one to select the best letter out of so many good ones? It is so hard to tell which is really the best. The editor of the Child's Department has been quite in despair many times during the past month, and has been inclined to print all the letters, leaving all the children to judge for themselves and award the prize.

After very carefully reading each little letter it has been decided to award the prizes to Albert Millen, Kewanee, Henry County, Ill., and to Nora French, St. Hilda's Hall, Glendale, Cal. In accordance with the prize offer, a pair of skates has been sent to Albert and a French doll to Nora.

Here are the letters:

PRIZE LETTERS.

OUR SCHOOL.

BY NORA FRENCH.

In southern California, about fifteen miles from the sea and six miles from Los Angeles, is a little village called Glendale. In this village, just where we have the most beautiful view of the mountains and the next valley, the San Fernando, is situated our school, St. Hilda's.

It is a large hotel building, elegantly furnished, and with beautiful grounds.

Now, in the winter time, the flowers are blooming and the grass is as green as it was in May or June.

St. Hilda's is a boarding-school, but day-scholars come in, and downstairs there is a room called the primary department, where the small day-scholars are prepared for advancement into the higher classes.

I know there are girls like myself all over America writing about their schools, but I do not think that any of them have a nicer school than I have. We are very particular here, and I am afraid my sentence with *nicer* in it ought to go into the Critic Box.

But I must explain. We used so much incorrect language that Miss Darling, our principal, hung a box on the wall, and when we heard any incorrect expression, we were to write it on a slip of paper and put it in the box. Now we rise in arms if we hear any expression like *ain't*, *awfully nice*, *great big*, etc.

But I must tell you more about our school-grounds.

To the east is the tennis-court and croquet-ground, and to the west is a field which now is nothing but dry brush and weeds, but in summer is a wilderness of yellow daisies and blue larkspurs.

We had a very fine eclipse of the moon here, a few weeks ago, and an interesting lecture on the subject by my father. He also gave an instructive lecture on snakes.

We have so many rattlesnakes that it is a useful thing to know, when we encounter a snake with a head shaped like the ace of spades, we may know it is a dangerous acquaintance.

I inclose some blue prints that my father took of the school, including one of myself and my little friend, Flossy Rich, standing behind a century plant. I am a little the taller of the two. There is a description of each picture on the back, so be sure and look.

The reading of "Evangeline" is my favorite study at present. Perhaps you think I am too young to understand it, for I am only ten years old, but we think it is just lovely.

There are a great many things I would like to tell you, but my letter is too long already, so I must close it now.

NORA FRENCH.

ST. HILDA'S HALL, GLENDALE, CAL.

OUR SCHOOL.

BY ALBERT MILLEN.

Our school is a large, pleasant brick building, not far from the business part of town. I am in the 7th grade and my teacher is Miss Mate Potter; she has attended college a few years and is well informed, and is also a favorite with us.

Our superintendent is Mr. E. C. Rosseter, who is a kind and patient, but strict gentleman.

There are three school buildings here: The North Brick, The West Brick, and the Main Building. Are not those odd names?

The North Brick is on the north side of the railroad track and contains but the first four grades, which are for the benefit of the younger children who are too small to be trusted across the railroad track. I think that is very kind of the school board. The West Brick is a little west from the business part of town and is similar to the North Brick.

The Main Building is for small children living within certain limits and for all children above the fourth grade.

Outside of our general work we have marching, calisthenics, current events, and other interesting subjects.

We have a small library in our room, to which we contribute and lend books. This is a most interesting feature and one which I greatly enjoy.

Of our many studies I prefer penmanship, as I received a writing prize at school two years ago in Moline (Ill.), not for the best penmanship, but for the greatest improvement throughout the year. School is the nicest place in the world I think. I love it with all my heart and I wish that school days would last for ever. I hope that I may continue to improve until I receive my Diploma and go to college.

Hoping all good things of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, Mrs. Prescott, and every one in connection with it, I remain, as ever,

ALBERT MILLEN.

KEWANEE, HENRY CO., ILL.

RECEIVED A SOUVENIR.

Many of the other letters were so good that they deserved a prize also. Indeed, they were so well written that it has been decided to send a pretty souvenir to the writers of the best letters. The following boys and girls have received souvenirs: Martha Rohde, Brownsville, Tex.; Hattie Hazlehurst, Macon, Ga.; Bertha McIlvaine, Bellemonte, Pa.; Bernie Freeman, Middleport, N. Y.; Willie Plattner, Bluffton, Ohio; Lottie Paton, Nyack, N. Y.; Polly Cameron, Fort Covington, N. Y.; Edna Williams, Sterling Centre, N. Y.; Dora Innes, Hoboken, N. J.; Edna Ernst, Atkinson, Kan.; Milton Bartlett, Kirkham, Md.; Benny Wilson, Pioneer, Idaho; Addie Richards, Ellenville, N. Y.; Lillian Farnum, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Kate Silzio, Lizzie Cummings, Ellenville, N. Y.; Walter McClure, Wheeling, W. Va.; Laura Keys, Williamsport, Pa.; Edith Moses, St. Louis, Mo.; Daisy Eagan, Sharon, Pa.; Harry Sweeney, Jr., Drifton, Pa.; Florence J. Dietz, Virginia City, Nev.; George Barnaby, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Addie Patrick, Washington, D. C.; James M. Hewitt, Galveston, Tex.; Julia Morse, New Haven, Conn.; Marianna Leonard, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.; Mabel Kilbourn, New Brunswick, N. J.; Alice Rogers, Union Springs, N. Y.; Mabel James, Linwood, Ohio; Blanche Eden, Sullivan, Ill.; Francis Eagan, Sharon, Pa.; Richard Walker, Glen Richey, Pa.; Lulu Johnstone, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mark Bordner, Burr Oak, Mich.; Mabel Weeks, Beckman, N. Y.; Harry Freeman, Middleport, N. Y.; August Hinz, Philadelphia, Pa.; Eliza Dayton, Ellenville, N. Y.; Jessie Terwilliger, Ellenville, N. Y.; Annie McMullen, Ellenville, N. Y.; Laura Snyder, Cottekill, N. Y.; Ethel Shaw, Gloucester, Mass.; Rosa Dillenberger, Shreveport, La.; Roscoe Snyder, Cottekill, N. Y.; Lizzie Weaver, Seymour, Conn.; Jay Petteys, Middle Falls, N. Y.; "Mamie," East Franklin, Vt.; Fannie Arms, Youngtown, Ohio; Delight Gage, Cleveland, Ohio; Haidee Hock, Fremont, Ohio; Mary Flynn, New Lebanon, N. Y.; Ernest Rollins, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; C. G. Hull, New Lebanon, N. Y.; Roscoe De La Mater, Medusa, N. Y.; Elsie Rogers, Colchester, Conn.; Lena Everest, Rockwood, N. Y.; Emily Seaman, Nevada City, Cal.; Mary Gunther, Stratford, Conn.; Katie Roach, Laramie, Wyoming; Hattie McNeil, Lime Rock, Conn.; Ethel Rollins, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; Melviro Strouse, Ellenville, N. Y.; Walter Butler, Utica, N. Y.; Libbie Dater, East Orange, N. J.; Sarah Hazlehurst, Macon, Ga.; George Long, Leighton, Pa.; Kate Jones, Shreveport, La.; Annie Hegeman, Great Neck, L. I.; Gertie Jackson, Jericho, L. I.; Mabel Vanleuvan, Ellenville, N. Y.; Harry Payne, Southold, L. I.;

Bertha Holmes, Ellenville, N. Y.; Freddie Sanford, Asbury Park, N. J.; May Garland, Ellenville, N. Y.; Willie Downey, Laramie, Wyoming; Earl Kennedy, Olean, N. Y.; Fredrika Baldwin, Columbus, Ohio; Ella Frosch, Ellenville, N. Y.; Julie Clark, Roundout, N. Y.; Annie Hewitt, Galveston, Ga.; Ethel Fuller, Centre White Creek, N. Y.; Madge Casterlin, Eureka, Cal.; Ethel Swift, Buffalo, N. Y.; Emma Kvell, Hampton, N. Y.; Sadie Yeatman, Washville, Tenn.; M. Crouse, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Phoebe Cottle, Roxbury, Mass.; Lila Koutt, Denver, Col.; Josie Elliston, Sullivan, Ill.; Edith Boice, Dunellen, N. J.; Fannie Wyncote, Pennsylvania; Priscilla Heacock, Ruth P. McClintock, Topeka, Kan.; Gertrude K. Weston, Hamilton, Mass.; Gertrude Smith, Des Moines, Ia.; Anna Mortroussar, Hempstead, L. I.; Alice Earle, Hempstead, L. I.; Anna Bierly, Hempstead, N. Y.; Sadie Williams, Hempstead, L. I.; Fred Kelly, Hempstead, L. I.; Harry Park, New York City; Grace Terry, Minneapolis, Minn.; Grace Geer, Union City, Pa.; Howard P. Brown, New Lebanon, N. Y.; Alice Johnson, Michigan City, Ind.; Charles C. Fletcher, Jamestown, N. Y.; Carris Kaiser, Lee, Mass.; Ralph McMillin, North Adams, Mass.; Ettie Long, Rockwood, N. Y.; Mary L. Eveleth, Lowell, Mass.; Hope E. Allen, Kenwood, N. Y.; Ella Smith, Albion, Mich.; Julia Townsend, Canton, Ill.; Eddie Paine, Fancy Prairie, Ill.; Amy Fuller, Daytona, Fla.; Inez Hall, Lacon, Ill., and Freddie Holloway, Greenville, S. C.

COLD TURKEY.

'Twas Christmas, just noon, the bell ring-a-linging,
Had told, with the merriest ting-a-ling-linging,
That dinner was served. Spicy odors, all savoring
Of turkey and mince-meat, with plum-pudding flavoring,
Olfactories from kitchen to garret exciting,
Said, "Come, come to dinner," in way most inviting.



"COMF, COME TO DINNER."

Pell-mell down the stairs, with eyes brightly glittering,
Rushed Bert, leaving toys all the nursery floor littering.
A drum round his neck, monstrous horn *toot-toot-tooting*,
A sword, and a gun with which he'd been shooting
His sister's new doll, soon in basement were anchoring.
When eyes spied the dinner with true boyish hankering.

His parents, absorbed, and not quickly responding
To bell-ringing summons, set Bridget desponding.

"Go tell them, me darlint, they ought to be aeting;
The turkey is cowlid, wid its waiting and waiting."

Bert shouted, his voice with excitement all quivering.
"Come quick! come to dinner; the turkey is *shivering*."

A PRIZE OFFER.

The contest last month was such a close one that it will be continued this month. Let all the boys and girls read about it and try for the prize.

To the boy who writes the best letter on "Winter Sports" there will be given a pair of skates. The girl who writes the best letter will receive a French doll.

Letters must reach the office before January 15th. Address all communications to Children's Department, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, New York City. Write only on one side of the paper, and sign your full name and address.



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY offers any subscriber furnishing twenty lines of handwriting a short reading of psychological traits. Answers will be published once a month in our new colored number. All communications should be addressed care Graphological Department, and must inclose the printed heading of the paper, showing date line.

Aythe, Jr., Philadelphia.—In temperament you are deliberate and not impulsive or imaginative. You are disposed to be economical, and, although rather selfish, are sufficiently candid and well intentioned. You have general capacity and excellent will power, if only it is once aroused. Build yourself an ideal, a

something to be attained. You are ready enough in conversation, and fond of expressing your ideas. You have also a fair knowledge of detail which you do not always exercise. Add somewhat of energy to your habits. Mould your ideas on broader lines. Cultivate every shadow of personal force; you need it. Have an aim; believe in it, pursue it. Then the future will be bright indeed. But without this the prospect is gloomy. A tendency to in consequence, a certain indecision, a lack of concentration, all these I see dissipating your capacities and spoiling the end.

Friend S. B., New York.—An ambitious, energetic, and aspir-

ing nature. Intelligence, cultivation, and neatness are very marked; impulse, guarded by a certain amount of caution and a will so strong as to conquer all things. You are bound to con-

The doubt
Yours S.B.

trol, but are not a tyrant; you are sure to succeed, but at great cost to yourself. Through ardor and force you are a rock of strength to others, and by sympathy, constancy, and affection that best of all things—a good friend.

C. E. J., New Hartford, Conn.—Is ambitious, intelligent, cultivated, and gifted with good judgment. He is candid and truthful. Is observing, rather critical, lucid of mind, and fluent. A pleasant companion, good-natured and refined, neat and careful. He has good taste, is appreciative of the graceful and artistic, particularly, perhaps, in architecture and literature. He has good business habits, is not easily disconcerted. And with many good qualities and pleasant ways, does not expend himself too much in the race of life, having enough of selfishness in his composition to care very well for his own interests.

G. G. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—You are in good health and straightforward, but too deliberate, and need very much to be more self-forgetful. You are inclined to indolence; expect too much and expend too little. You are, however, careful, neat,

Illustrated Weekly.

and cautious; not apt to converse too much of your own affairs.

A Believer, Mauch Chunk, Pa.—You are capable of good things, but are much in need of training. You are inclined to be extravagant, careless, and rather ill-regulated. But you have latent good qualities, such as strength of will—which will grow to be self-control if properly exercised—the disposition to be affectionate, and a ready mind.

G. B. T., Essex, Essex County, N. Y.—Has a fairly ambitious but not very forcible temperament. He is painstaking, neat, economical, though not stingy—probably the economy of necessity. He is so clear, honest, candid, truthful, and well-intentioned as to be a most useful man. His habit is to look well after matters of detail, and he is careful rather than rapid in his work. He is capable of honest affection, but is in no way passionate or imaginative. Would be at his best as the assistant of a man of greater force and enterprise.

E. H. James, Reading, Pa.—You are disposed to be frank and candid. Are fluent and extremely ready of pen and tongue, though perhaps rather diffuse and lacking in concentration. You are observing without being analytical, are cultivated, energetic, somewhat imaginative, and more ambitious, at least, than you show on the surface. Your tastes are refined, appreciative of the poetic and beautiful, and are inclined to be literary.

F. W. Patterson, Boston, Mass.—The hand of a person who is calm, straightforward, determined, and knowing very well what he is about. Candor, truth, trained carefulness, and self-reliance are conspicuous, as also are tact, education, and some originality. The writer is pleasant in conversation, but reticent in matters of importance, and when reserved is absolutely so.

I think of him
in this hot

Studious observation and analytical thought are fixed habits, nor are they confused by any tendency to impulsive deduction or imaginative fancy. The temperament is sufficiently warm to be sympathetic, and its ardors are trained by self-discipline to be factors of a most reliable disposition—clear in judgment and kind in intent.

M. E. E., Keene, N. H.—A modest nature, retiring yet composed. Thoroughly feminine in type; calm, truthful, and honorable. I see self-respect, purity of ideal, a pleasant appreciation of the poetical and beautiful, mingled with much clearness and practical ability. In small matters you are careful, appreciating their value. You are capable of most sincere affection, and I think I do not err in saying that you are in all things well intentioned and exceedingly kind.

Peek-a-Boo, Canton, Ohio.—Your specimen shows a clear and logical mind, candid and frank. You are easy to get along with, are not inclined to be self-assertive—not from weakness or indecision, but rather through good-nature and a pleasant liking for comfort. Fortunately there is just so much of selfishness and clear-headedness in your composition as to save you from being victimized. You are very observing, but not especially critical;

Graphological Dep't

have a touch of originality about you that is perhaps a bit whimsical; are chatty in conversation; economical in general, though in no way avaricious; are cultivated and neatly careful in matters of detail. You have not a passionate nature, and would, where your affections were concerned, be a trifle weak.

Helvetia, Omaha, Neb.—You have energy, but not the habit of sustained effort. Your business ability is fair, but you do not work with systematic care. You like things on a large, fine scale, but are forced by circumstances to curb your desires somewhat. You have force of will, but do not always use it. Practice self-control and learn to be more systematic. Then the future will promise better, for you are sufficiently able and ready-witted to succeed.

W. J. S., Clark's Mills, N. Y.—You are good-natured, rather thoughtful, but, truth be told, a bit egotistical. In home matters you are exacting, though not precisely tyrannical. You are cautious and not disposed to be very communicative, and although

capable of affection and not unamiable, you are a little selfish in your ways. When you do marry choose an obliging partner and all will be placid.

G. E. B., Plymouth, Mass.—Has an excellent sense of self-respect. He is honest, truthful, and ambitious; is simple in his tastes, generous, affectionate, and well-intentioned. He notices and appreciates beauty, has tact, is a trifle careless, and is too apt to commence a task without having a defined plan or clearly seeing the end. He is an easy and ready talker.

J. O., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Is a person of decided force, clear of head, and positive in opinion. He is ambitious, energetic, and ardent, lucid of mind, clear in judgment. He has a keen sense of the beautiful, and although probably not an artist in the poetic sense, is gifted with artistic ability in some more mechanical direction. He shows a steady attention to minutiae

Gentlemen Writing

that argues generally skillful work—also a habit of working thoroughly, but without waste of effort or material. He is imaginative, warm in temperament, cultivated, determined, and strong of will. An admirable hand, it is safe to predict that the writer will steadily climb the ladder of fortune.

C. H. G., Marion, Ind.—Your character is not very forcible, though you are sometimes obstinate. You are a little selfish and given to small vanities, blinding yourself thereby to some of your best qualities. You are naturally affectionate, are critical, and on some subjects clever. To improve your handwriting, learn to be stronger, more self-forgetful, and to think better of the ability of others—then the rest will take care of itself.

Idlewild, Patterson, La.—You are clever, well-educated, even cultivated. You are fluent in conversation, and enjoy talking when you are roused and the subjects please you. You have a strong and determined will, but are too good-natured and kindly to be domineering, though you are accustomed to win your own way, even if obliged to bring diplomacy and finesse to your aid. You are observing, somewhat analytical, and given to criticism. You also have deductive faculties above the average, and can draw sound conclusions from the matters passing under your eyes. You are logical, candid, and a good friend. Your affections are warm, though not passionate. You enjoy the beautiful, have artistic perceptions, though not artistic capacities, are more fond of the employments of leisure than of business, and, I infer, are fond of nature. You govern your surroundings with steadiness of intention, but amiably and without tyranny.

The Girl from Malta, Brooklyn, N. Y.—You are fond of company and conversation, are communicative, have few secrets,—but can, by dint of effort, be reticent when you think it advisable. You are frank, trusting, affectionate, devoted in your friendships, and just a bit of a sentimentalist. You are ambitious in a quiet way, would like to be well read and cultivated; are hopeful of life in general, and have been so completely cared for that you have never had need of self-assertiveness or force. Still you possess them, and they will develop in time. You are observing and have a good memory. Do you think there is anything in graphology?

S. W. H., New York.—There is much determination, industry, intelligence, and perseverance in your handwriting. You are systematic, unexpansive, and self-controlled. In no way a gossip or sentimental; you are affectionate and friendly, open, honest, and true. You are neat, careful, and thorough, and have qualities that will some day enable you to rule your household with firmness and ease.

Nihil, Clinton, Mass.—You are somewhat energetic, and have ambition, but are inclined to spend yourself too freely, to be too prodigal in your efforts, and too idle in your ease. You are rather talkative—in fact, a bit of a gossip—are easily influenced because you make no great resistance. You have taste, are ready in mind, honest in intention, and a little of an egotist. You show slight traces of occasional despondency. I think you have never yet done your best.

James A. Garforth, Washington, D. C.—Shows a clear, logical, and lucid mind, speculative in turn and critical. His sense of justice is very strong, his judgment capable of strict impartiality. He believes in himself, has strong appreciation of symmetry and

If, by the perusal of a
few lines, written by

grace of form. Is a careful rather than a rapid worker, a little over-particular in detail, understands himself much better than he will admit; and is either perfectly honest, candid, and frank, or most accomplished in deceit.

Ethel Ross, Selwick, N. Y.—Would be best pleased when her surroundings were on a large and lavish scale. She has a love of ease, is inclined to be a trifle exacting, is frank in speech, but quite capable of reticence when she chooses. She is strong of will, self-appreciative, and obstinate. She has a keen eye for grace and artistic form, is impulsive by nature but not in practice; knows very well what she wants, and is skillful in more ways than one.

J. H. T., Philadelphia, Pa.—Is not imaginative or inclined to be self-assertive. He is careful in intention. What he undertakes is done with care, but not rapidly. He is not given to exaggeration, nor difficult to get along with. He has strong self-respect, is conscientious, and can accomplish by finesse what might be impossible to direct dealing.

W. E. G., Utica, N. Y.—Is not very forcible of will but holds out fairly well when he does take a stand. He is intelligent, somewhat cultivated; has an imagination which, though not excessive, pleasantly colors for him many things; is observing and inclined to be critical. He is apt to be careless, and is often blinded to fact by hasty conclusions. He is sufficiently amiable to be agreeable, is affectionate, occasionally quick-tempered, but easily placated. Is a chatty companion, who enjoys talking on

matters which interest him. In business he is honorable, but not a stickler for detail.

J. D. Musdame, Portland, Ore.—Your specimen shows a pleasant and obliging disposition, chatty, gossipy, and friendly—an agreeable companion. You are logical, for a woman, clearly intelligent, and not afraid to look facts in the face. You are candid, frank, and modest, knowing well your own value, but not overbearing, disdainful, or haughty. You are a bit of an egotist, are affectionate, and a good manager, contriving to gain your will more often by dint of feminine tact than by force.

LAKEWOOD'S MOST POPULAR VISITORS.

PROBABLY Lakewood, the fashionable winter resort in the New Jersey pines, has at present no more popular visitors than Mrs. Grover Cleveland and Baby Ruth. Ever since the ex-President took possession of a cottage in that pleasant resort and installed the young mother and child therein, it has been a Mecca not only for the political friends of the distinguished occupant, but for all the fashionable people who desire to pay their tribute to the beautiful and accomplished woman who once ranked as the "first lady of the land." Neither the ex-President nor his wife, however, seems just now to covet the conspicuity which is thrust upon them. They live quietly and as much retired as possible from the hum and whirl of society life, and they are especially careful not to permit alien eyes to look upon the little one who has become the light of their household. In her daily airings the utmost care is taken to keep the child from the prying curiosity of the visitors who often lie in wait along the public promenades, hoping to get a glimpse of the sweet baby face. As a rule, however, muffled as she is in laces and blankets, these curious eyes are disappointed. But now and then it happens that the watchful nurse will lift the corner of the curtain and permit some favored friend to look upon the dimpled face. Happy the photographer whose camera is rightly poised at such a fortunate moment! It is just such a scene as this that our artist, whose picture appears on another page, succeeded in obtaining. Probably he is the only photographer out of all of those who have been waiting such an opportunity who has baffled the vigilance of the nurse.

Lakewood is steadily growing in public favor with residents of the metropolis desiring a near-by winter home, and with the new and elegant hotels recently opened its capacity for the accommodation of visitors has been so enlarged that the coming season will unquestionably be one of the most prosperous ever had. Those who remember it as it was a dozen years ago, a mere hamlet in the scrubby pines, must contemplate its transformation into the beautiful and healthful resort which it is to-day, with all the possible conveniences of metropolitan life, with genuine amazement. There are one or two other points in the New Jersey pines which seem likely to develop from similar untoward conditions into successful rivals of prosperous Lakewood.

THE THEATRES.

WE present this week portraits of Mlle. Salmoeraghi, *prima ballerina* of the Abbey-Grau Company, and Messrs. Rosenquest and Russell, the successful proprietors of the "City Directory."

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew appeared at the Standard Theatre

on Monday last in a meaningless and stupid piece called "That Girl from Mexico." Both Mr. Drew and his wife are extremely clever, but they certainly displayed very poor judgment in choosing such a play for their first appearance as stars.

Anton Rubinstein, the famous pianist and composer, is to visit this country next season under the management of Messrs. Abbey and Grau. The contract calls for fifty concerts at \$2,500 a performance, or \$125,000 for the entire engagement. Rubinstein is at



MLLE. SALMOERAGHI.

present the director of the St. Petersburg Conservatory.

Mascagni's latest opera, "L'Amico Fritz," is to be produced



MR. RUSSELL.



MR. ROSENQUEST.

shortly at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Edouard de Reszke in the title rôle.

WINDSOR.

It was right enough for Mills to dissemble his
for Crisp, but he ought not to have kicked
off the Ways and Means Committee.—*St.
Louis Democrat.*

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manent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh,
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Mrs. Alice Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes: "My weight was 220 pounds, now it is 125, a reduction of 95 lbs." For circulars address, with fee, Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

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NO OTHER LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.
For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this wonderful soap send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

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SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waits (the popular Society Waits) sent FREE to anyone sending three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

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THE grocer who gives sixteen ounces to the pound is a model in his weigh.—*Chicago Times.*

No matter how small the scandal, there's always enough of it to go around.—*Elmira Gazette.*

AN American woman has shocked the Prince of Wales. She is the electric girl. No one else could.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

TOWARD twilight you want to keep your own counsel, since it is about then that you may expect the eve's-dropping.—*Boston Courier.*

THE Czar is learning to ride a bicycle, and the nihilists are waiting—only waiting—till he coasts against a small bowlder.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

"I DON'T understand what you see in a game of foot-ball," she said. "You see stars," replied the new player, emphatically.—*Washington Star.*

HE (despairingly)—"It doesn't matter if I have got lots of money, I cannot forget that my grandfather was a stage-driver." She (sweetly)—"That is all right. You can refer to your ancestral haunts without going into particulars."

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"I TELL yez, Mary Ann," said Micky Dolan as he sat down to his supper, "it is not fer me to be oncharitable till me felly-man, but whin Dinis O'Brien, wid his wood leg, takes to carrin' a cane besides, it looks to me loike too much shoytle and extravagance; so it do."—*Washington Star.*

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WILL CURE
Scurvy and Scorbutic Affections, Pimples and Blotches on the Skin, Bad Legs, Ulcers, Wounds, etc.

The cause of all these complaints is floating in the blood a long time before they break out on the body.

This class of diseases requires that the blood be powerfully and preservingly acted upon, in order to cleanse it from all the morbid humors. It is of no use to heal the sore by outward applications.

Beecham's Pills will cure these Affections.
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

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Four Rose or four Chrysanthemum Plants, or 25 packets of choice flower seeds, all from the famous seed house of Peter Henderson & Co., New York, - - 1.25

Total, - - \$3.50

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SEND FOR CIRCULAR TO EITHER OF ABOVE OFFICES

For 30 days. In order to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS in your vicinity, and thus create a demand for our work, we make you the following bona-fide offer: Send us a good photograph, or a tintype, or a daguerreotype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you one of our finest CRAYON PORTRAITS free of charge.

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NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS. WE REFER YOU TO OVER 1000 PATIENTS. Investigate our method. Written guarantee to absolutely cure all kinds of RUPTURE of both sexes, without the use of KNIFE OR SYRINGE, no matter of how long standing. EXAMINATION FREE.

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8% Net on small investments. Investment Share Certificates sold on installments. The Prune Lands of Oregon are attracting the attention of Fruit raisers all over the United States. CROPS AND BANKS NEVER FAIL IN OREGON. Send for our new Prospectus. THE FARM TRUST & LOAN JOURNAL CO., Portland, Oregon.

PROPOSALS FOR SALE OF BONDS.

\$150,000, 6 Per Cent. 20 Years, County of Missoula, State of Montana.

OFFICE OF COUNTY CLERK, {
DECEMBER 12TH, 1891.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners of Missoula County, Montana, met in regular session on the 8th day of December, 1891, sealed bids will be received by the undersigned for the purchase of Missoula County bonds to the amount of \$150,000. Said bonds to bear interest at the rate of six per centum per annum, payable semi-annually on the first days of July and January of each year, to bear date March 1st, 1892, and to be redeemable and payable in twenty years after date; to be issued in denominations of not less than \$1,000, and to be sold at not less than par value.

These bonds are to be issued for the purpose of funding the present floating indebtedness of the county.

The population of Missoula County is 16,000. Assessed valuation, \$9,000,000. Rate of tax limited to 20 mills.

The bonded indebtedness of the county, exclusive of this issue, is \$189,750; amount of floating indebtedness, \$173,171.31; present total debt, \$362,921.31.

Bids will be received up to the 25th day of January, 1892, 2 p.m.

A certified cheque, payable to the order of County Clerk, for the amount of \$2,500 must accompany each bid as an evidence of good faith, said amount to be forfeited by the successful bidder on the event of refusal to take bond.

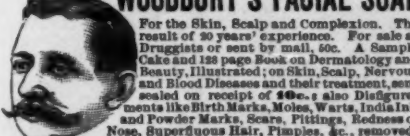
The Board reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

D. D. BOGAERT, County Clerk, MISSOULA, MONTANA.

Dated at Missoula, Montana, December 12th, 1891.

SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH

30 YEARS THE STANDARD.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP
For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 30 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Case and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated, on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10c.—also, Disinfectants like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Indelible Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, etc., removed.

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Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

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GILBERT'S Dress Linings.

Ladies appreciate this.
Name on selvage.

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THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL
Stomach Bitters,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. To be had in QUARTS AND PINTS.

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Don't Lose Your Hair.

For Premature Greyness and Loss of Hair, use Rancour's Quinine Tonic, price \$1. For Dandruff, itching, or mild Eczema, use Rancour's Dandruff Specific, \$1. If you have any trouble of hair or scalp, send 10c. for Valuable Book Treating of Same. For Sift and Scalp, Rancour's Medicinal Soap. For Curling Ladies' Bangs, Rancour's Bang Curler. **RANCOUR BROS. REMEDY CO.,** Albany, N. Y.

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Catarrh, Deafness, Bronchitis, Consumption, Asthma, cured at home. New pamphlet and full particulars free. Address, naming this paper,

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Send for Pamphlet.

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"The New Treatment" for Catarrh, by petroleum. Send stamp for 30 page pamphlet, free. Agents wanted.

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DRUMMER—"And do you mean to say that you never have any of your goods thrown back on your hands?"
HIS TRAVELING ACQUAINTANCE—"No, sir; I'm an undertaker."

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from which the excess of oil has been removed, is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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EMBROIDERY, KNITTING AND CROCHET WORK.

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THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.'S
DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME.

CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Sold every where, in Crown stoppered bottles only.

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DENTIFRICE

Armour's Extract of BEEF.

USED BY
All Good Cooks
THE YEAR ROUND.

Send to **ARMOUR & CO.,** Chicago, for Cook Book showing use of **ARMOUR'S EXTRACT** in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

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BEST IN THE WORLD

PENNSYLVANIA TOURS! CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO.

Leaving the **EAST** for **CALIFORNIA** JANUARY 13th, FEBRUARY 24th, MARCH 24th, APRIL 20th, and **MEXICO** FEBRUARY 10th, 1892.

FORMING TRIPS OF VARIABLE DURATION.
Most Superbly Appointed TOURS ever offered.

EXCURSION TICKETS with Return Limit adjustable to the wishes of tourists, including ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES, will be sold at the most liberal rates.

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DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Closures. When properly heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by J. H. Brown, 365 Broadway, N. Y. Write for book of proofs **FREE**

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Unequaled for Delicacy of Flavor and Nutritive Properties. Easily Digested. Different from all other Cocos.

Pears' Soap

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears' is supposed to be the only soap in the world that has no alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

Liebig Company's—Extract of Beef.

BEST PUREST BEEF TEA CHEAPEST

INVALUABLE
in the Kitchen for Soups, Sauces and Made Dishes.

POPULARITY

Does not always indicate the best judgment, but the popularity of the



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is based on a reputation that has been gained by sterling qualities, and they now stand

Without a Rival.

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in some strange city to enable you to change the load in your camera? Have you ever lost an opportunity to take some picture that you wanted because you could not find a suitable place to load your camera? The "Daylight" Kodak requires no dark room.

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SOLID TRAINS BETWEEN
New York and Chicago,
Via CHAUTAUQUA LAKE or NIAGARA FALLS.
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Between New York and Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Chautauqua Lake, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

D. I. ROBERTS, General Passenger Agent.

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ALL FOOLS MAY
not be dead, but we never hear of 'em in our business—the wise men all buy of us, at least 90 per cent. of them, as that is the proportion of the world's trade we supply with "Hartman" Mats yearly. A half million mats represents our output.

HARTMAN MFG. COMPANY, Works, Beaver Falls, Pa.
Branches: 102 Chambers St., New York; 508 State St., Chicago; 51 and 53 S. Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga.
Our Mats have brass tag attached stamped "Hartman." Catalogue and Testimonials mailed free.

A Graceful Act

of hospitality is to offer your evening guests a cup of Bouillon before leaving. Use Armour's Extract of Beef and boiling water; add salt, pepper, and a thin slice of lemon to each cup. Serve with plain crackers. There are many ways of using Armour's Extract. Our little Cook Book explains several. We mail it free.

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